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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Donne, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempsted. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catharine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwatz, Recorder. Meets first Friday.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Sad Accident.

The little five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald met with a sad and painful accident last Sunday evening. His mother was returning from the home of her father on Goodwin street, where her mother lay dead; and had three of her children with her. In making the transfer at Franklin street, the lad slipped away from his mother and climbed on the front steps of the Beach car. It was not until Bath road was reached that anyone on the car knew of the boy being on the steps and as soon as Motorman Sweeney learned that something was wrong he stopped the car, but the boy jumped as the car was slacking up and his left leg did not clear the track. He was taken to the Hospital for treatment and his leg was so badly injured that it had to be amputated below the knee. The little fellow did not lose consciousness up to the time of the operation. His father is foreman of the Andrews Express and only a few weeks ago he buried his infant child.

Mt. Zion African Methodist Episcopal church began the observance of its sixty-second anniversary on Sunday and was continued throughout the week, special services being arranged for each day. This church was organized in Johnson's court 62 years ago and among those attending the services on Sunday, who were present at the organization of this church, were Mr. James W. Johnson, Mrs. Margaret Richards and Mr. Benjamin Brown.

The first of two entertainments by Washington Commandery will take place on May 5th, when Sir Knight Arthur B. Commerford will deliver the first part of an illustrated lecture on Southern Europe. Mr. Commerford has recently returned from that part of the world and the lecture should be of a very interesting nature. The second entertainment will be one week later. Dancing will follow the lecture on each evening. A large number of tickets are being sold.

Mr. Eugene Schreier was in New York the past week.

Mr. William B. Gardiner is here from New York.

Representative Council.

There was a long session of the representative council on Thursday evening, at which there was not a great deal of business transacted. There was something more than the necessary quorum present when the roll was called.

The proposed amendments to the proposed bill providing for an inspector of meats and provisions and defining his duties, as presented by the board of health at the last meeting, were taken up. There was a long discussion of various proposed amendments, in which many members of the council took part, and many other amendments were proposed. After the discussion had gone on for some time, it was voted to lay the whole amendment on the table for a time.

The resolution remitting certain uncollectible taxes assessed for small amounts against personal property, which had been laid on the table at a previous meeting, was called up. After considerable talk it was voted to refer it to the tax collector with instructions to collect the taxes. A resolution was passed creating the office of assistant gate keeper at Elm and Poplar streets. There were three candidates for the position and two ballots were necessary for a choice, Franklin James being elected on the second ballot.

Under suspension of the rules the salary of the inspector of buildings, authorized by act of the General Assembly, was fixed at $1200. There were three candidates for the position and Mortimer D. Sullivan was elected on the first ballot. A communication was received from the board of aldermen recommending that the office of keeper of city clocks, at a salary of $50 per year, be restored, and the accompanying resolution was passed. There were four candidates for the position and on the second ballot George Simpson was elected.

The committee appointed recently to examine the accounts of the tax collector's office, reported recommending a new system of accounts, also recommending that the same committee be continued and that $1000 be appropriated for expenses. The resolutions were passed.

A resolution providing for the appointment of a commission of five to investigate the matter of police pensions was laid on the table. The chair decided that there was not a quorum present and the council adjourned to meet at the call of the chair.

Rev. Carl J. Nelson closed his pastorate at the Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday evening, after covering a period of nearly seven years at the Church. At the recent conference at Boston Mr. Nelson was assigned to the Swedish Church in that city. Rev. C. J. Wigren will succeed Mr. Nelson at the Newport Church.

Mrs. Mary McDermid, mother of Mrs. Joseph Haire, died in New York last Sunday. The body was brought to this city Tuesday and funeral services was held from Mrs. Haire's residence on Division street Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Kenneth C. Grant, of this city, was one of the passengers on steamship Minnehaha, which was wrecked off the Scilly Islands last Sunday night.

Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs will spend the summer abroad. Mr. Charles M. Oelrichs and his sons will occupy their residence on Kay street as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Coggeshall are entertaining their niece, Miss Natalie Nixdorff, who is taking a course in the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

The Greek fishermen of this city suffered by the heavy sea on Monday, as many of their lobster pots were washed ashore at different places.

Mr. William Woodward will occupy the cottage recently bequeathed him on Ochre Point by his uncle, the late James T. Woodward.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Holmes, who have been at Beachmont during the winter are here for the summer.

Mrs. George W. Hawley, of Providence, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Helmes Jouvet, on Cross street.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden J. Perry will arrive at "Bleak House," on Ocean avenue, early in May.

Mr. A. G. Ferretti has returned from an extended visit to southern Europe and South America.

Representative and Mrs. R. Livingston Beeckman will arrive at their cottage early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Seabury, Jr., have returned from New Rochelle, N. Y.

Mayor Boyle has been confined to his home by illness the past week.

Wedding Bells.

Langley-Speers.

The United Congregational Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding Tuesday evening, the contracting parties being Miss Margaret Jane Speers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Speers, and Mr. Arthur Hooper Langley of Waterbury, Conn. Rev. Gustavus A. Hulbert, pastor of the church, performed the ceremony. The pulpit was covered with palms and roses. Mr. Harris Stanley Bartlett, organist of Trinity Church, Waterbury Conn., rendered a pleasing program of music before the ceremony and to the strains of the Bridal Chorus from Lohengin the bridal party entered the church, the bride resting on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She looked very attractive in a gown of white messaline, en traine, with trimmings of duchesse lace. She wore a long veil caught up with lilies of the valley and carried a bouquet of Bride roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were Miss Hattie Speers, sister of the bride, and Miss Sara B. Manchester. They wore dresses of pink messaline with bead trimmings, and carried bouquets of pink roses tied with ribbon to match. The groom had as his best man his cousin, Mr. George S. Langley of this city and the ushers were Dr. William Speers and Mr. Samuel I. Speers, brothers of the bride, Mr. R. T. Bayley, of Waterbury, Conn., and Mr. William Anthony of New Bedford, Mass.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents on Summer street, which was largely attended, and where the many beautiful gifts sent to the bride were shown. A collation was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Langley left on a wedding trip and they will go to Waterbury to reside.

Sherman-Chase.

Miss Sarah Belle Chase, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Constant Chase, of Portsmouth, was united in marriage to Mr. Archibald Cranston Sherman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Sherman, of this city, at St. Paul's Episcopal church, Portsmouth, Wednesday evening at 8.30 o'clock. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She was becomingly gowned in a dress of white messaline and wore a tulle veil caught up with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley. Miss Alice Fish, of Brookline, Mass., cousin of the bride, acted as maid of honor and wore a dress of hand painted chiffon made over pink and carried pink carnations. The Misses Anna and Louise Chase, twin sisters of the bride, were the bridesmaids, wearing dresses of pink messaline and carrying bouquets of roses of the same color. The duties of best man fell to Mr. John S. Coggshall of this city, while the ushers were Messrs. Louis R. and Benjamin A. Chase, brothers of the bride; George S. Gardner of this city and William B. Gardner of New York. Rev. J. S. Pearce, rector of the church, officiated. Miss Vera Barlow of Newport presided at the organ and rendered a pleasing program of music.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents, where their many relatives and friends gathered to offer congratulations and best wishes for the future happiness of the young couple. The bridal party were assisted in receiving by the parents of the bride and groom. The bride was the recipient of many useful and pretty gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman left on a wedding trip and on their return will reside on Everett street in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Shaw Safe and their son, Master Kenneth Safe, who have been spending the winter in California, have arrived at their cottage for the season.

Miss Eliza Bullock, of Bristol, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth on Wednesday, having been born April 20, 1810.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Adams, who have been in Providence the past winter, will open their cottage here early in May.

Word has been received here of the serious illness in New York of Mr. Marion McAllister Clarke.

City Clerk Fullerton was able to be at his post of duty the past week after an attack of the grip.

Mr. Paul Weidemann, a brother of Mr. Oscar E. Weidemann, died in Paris a few days ago.

Tuesday was Lexington day, when the flags on the public schools were flying.

Mr. John R. Hammett is confined to his home on Golden Hill street by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, of Providence, were visitors here the past week.

Mrs. Edward H. Bulkley and her son are at the "Plaza," New York.

Recent Deaths.

William E. Dennis.

Announcement was made last week of the sudden death of William Enos Dennis in California where he had been making his home for the past three and a half years. He was in his eighty-sixth year, and was born in Newport on January 18th, 1825.

He was the son of Capt. John Dennis, who was born June 11th, 1773, and died in Newport July 8th, 1844, and was buried in a family burying ground on the Ogden or Mill Farm on Wapping road in Middletown. Capt. John Dennis was married twice; first to Catherine Tillinghast, Aug. 23, 1796, and then to Catherine Enos on Sept. 15, 1811; the latter dying in 1860. By his first wife he had five sons, and by the second wife he had two sons and three daughters.

William Enos Dennis was the last of a family of ten children, as his twin sister, Sarah Brown Dennis, died at her home on Everett street a year ago, April 28, 1909.

Mr. Dennis went to California on the ship Audley Clarke in 1849, going around Cape Horn. He returned to Newport from California and in 1859 became Inspector of Customs under Gilbert Chase, Collector of the Port, during the administration of President James Buchanan.

On April 6th, 1863, he married Mary Elizabeth Chase, daughter of Gilbert and Sarah G. Chase.

Upon leaving the Custom House, Mr. Dennis went into the grocery business, retiring in 1896, on account of ill health. His wife died on March 18th, 1905, and about a year and a half later, in October, 1906, he again went to California and lived at San Diego and at Coronado in Southern California for about a year and six months, after which he removed to the neighborhood of San Francisco, where he lived for a year and ten months to the time of his death.

One son, William E. Dennis, Jr., survives him. His brother, George Enos Dennis, died in California in 1850 and is buried near Santa Clara. His sister, Catherine T. Dennis, died in Newport in December, 1891. William Tillinghast Dennis, is a half-nephew of the deceased, being a son of Darius, the first child of Capt. John Dennis, by his first wife Catherine Tillinghast.

The deceased was a member of Saint John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and was at one time a Vestryman of Trinity Church.

Of those who went to California in 1849 on the ship Audley Clarke, but three are now living in Newport. They are Mr. James M. K. Southwick, Captain Slocum, now living on Bull street, and William T. Dennis, of Thames street.

Maurice E. Crane.

Patrolman Maurice E. Crane of the Newport police force died at his home on Middleton avenue late Tuesday evening, following an operation for appendicitis that was performed on Saturday last. It was realized at the time that there was but slight hope of his recovery and his condition since the operation had not been at all encouraging. Death came very suddenly at the last however.

Officer Crane was regarded as one of the most competent men on the force. He had seen much active service and was a man who could always be depended upon in an emergency. He was quiet in his manner, and far from officious, but he was able at all times to maintain order on his beat. He was appointed to the summer force in 1888 and in 1890 was made a member of the permanent force. Much of his work was with the night police, but in 1895 he was appointed to the day force. Of late he had been assigned to the Bellevue avenue section and was well known to many of the habitues of the Casino and other places on the avenue.

He was a member of the Knights of Columbus and of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, and had served for a time as president of the Newport Police Relief Association. He is survived by a widow and two sons.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on Middleton avenue Friday morning at 8.15, and at 9 o'clock there was a high mass of requiem at St. Mary's church. The remains were escorted from the house to the church by a detail of the Newport police under the command of Sergeant Northup and the members of Newport Council, Knights of Columbus. After the service in the church the remains were escorted to the foot of Everett street, the interment being in St. Columba's cemetery.

Mrs. Robert H. Lee.

Mrs. Jane T., wife of Mr. Robert H. Lee, died at her home on Spring street after an illness of several weeks. She was a woman of a most lovable disposition and had a host of friends. She was one of the most active members of the Women's Relief Corps connected with Lawton-Warren Post of the Grand Army, being chaplain at the time of her death. She had held the office of president for several years and while her health permitted was an earnest worker in these organizations. She was a member of the United Congregational Church. A husband and four children survive her: Mrs. John T. Haire, Miss Sarah C. Lee, and Miss Annie E. Lee of this city and Mr. Henry Lee, of Providence.

Matrimony in the Air.

A number of brilliant society weddings will take place in the near future, of which number several will take place in Newport. Nearly all the young people are well known in the summer colony here, some of whom have spent their summers here for several years and others having been entertained by their Newport friends. Among this number are Miss Katherine Hynson McFadden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin McFadden, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Harold Sands, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sands, of Newport and New York; Miss Julia Sands, daughter of Mrs. Frederick P. Sands, of Newport, and Mr. Roland Dickson, of Cincinnati; Miss Vera Gilbert, of Newport and New York, and Mr. Randolph Rogers Santini, of Rome, a lieutenant in the 19th Hussards of Italy; Miss Emily S. Morgan, daughter of Commodore and Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan, and Mr. Delancy Kane Jay, both of Newport and New York; Miss Mary Emily Cassard, daughter of Chaplain and Mrs. William G. Cassard, of the Naval Training Station, and Paymaster Dallas Bache Wainwright, U. S. N., of the same station; Miss Marian Dow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard F. Dow, of Boston, and Mr. James G. Blaine, 3rd, son of Mrs. William T. Bull, of Newport and New York; Miss Edith Colford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Jones Colford, Jr., and Mr. Dudley Selden Morgan, both of Newport; Miss Mathilde T. Townsend, only daughter of Mrs. Richard Townsend, of Washington, and Mr. Peter Goelet Gerry, son of Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, of Newport and New York; Miss Marianna Fullam, daughter of Captain and Mrs. William F. Fullam, U. S. N., and Mr. Austin Ledyard Sands, son of Mrs. Frederick P. Sands.

Forty-Ninth Anniversary.

Messrs. George B. Smith, William Hamilton, Charles H. Clarke, Henry Bull, Jr., Benjamin F. Davis, Thomas H. Lawton, James H. Chappelle, John B. Mason, Benjamin Easton and George P. Lawton, ten members of Company F Veteran Association, observed the forty-ninth anniversary of the departure of Company F, First regiment, Rhode Island Detached Militia, from Newport, at the call of President Lincoln for volunteers, at the armory of the Newport Artillery Company, on Clarke street, on Monday evening, at which time occurred the readings of the records.

George B. Smith, William Hamilton and Charles H. Clarke were appointed a committee to arrange a program for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the association.

An invitation from Mr. Benjamin Easton to meet at his house next Tuesday evening for a social time was accepted.

The following officers were elected:

President—George B. Smith.

Vice President—William Hamilton.

Secretary and Treasurer—Charles H. Clarke.

Arrangements have been perfected by Chief Kirwin and the officers of the Newport fire department to render prompt aid in case of fire at the Naval Torpedo Station. A new box has been installed, numbered 36, and this will call the apparatus that responds to a Thames street fire to Ferry wharf where they will embark on the station ferry boat for transportation to Goat Island. These arrangements have been warmly commended by the station authorities, and it is felt that the Newport department will be of great assistance in time of need. On the other hand the station is equipped with a fireboat which will be ready at any time to render assistance in case of a fire on the water front in this city.

In honor of the ninety-first anniversary of American Odd Fellowship, Rev. Edward A. Johnson, D. D., will preach a special sermon at the First Baptist Church on Sunday evening next. The service will be attended by Rhode Island and Excelsior Lodges of this city, Oakland Lodge of Portsmouth, Aquidneck Encampment, Emma and Esther Rebekah Lodges. Rev. Dr. Johnson is a member of the order holding membership in a lodge in New York.

On account of the high wind and rough seas Monday night steamer Providence remained at her dock until 5 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Mr. H. H. Swinburne, formerly of this city, but now of New York, was in the city Thursday looking over his property here.

MIDDLETOWN.

The five men elected on the 6th instant to constitute the Town Council for the present municipal year appeared at the town hall on Monday afternoon and were sworn into office by the Town Clerk. Arthur W. Chase was chosen President. Order was taken to provide for smoothing the highways and gathering up the loose stones, nothing having been done since the frost broke them up in the early spring. $300 was apportioned to each of the four districts and the same surveyors appointed.

Arthur W. Chase was directed to negotiate for the oil for which $500 was appropriated at the annual town meeting for preserving the surface of the stone roads.

Francis J. Coggeshall was made a committee to have charge of the buildings on the town house lot and to attend to the letting of the town hall.

A communication was ordered forwarded to the Board of Aldermen of Newport in relation to needed repairs to the bridge over the creek at Easton's Beach on the dividing line of Middletown and Newport.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid:

Albert S Brown, services as Health Officer, $50.50; Alden P. Barker, William S. Coggeshall, James Willis Peckham, Alvin P. Smith and Dennis J. Murphy, services as Assessors of Taxes, $20 each, $100; Thomas G. Ward, services as Town Sergeant, $14.50 Arthur A. Brigham, services as Janitor of Town Hall, $12; T. T. Pitman, advertising notification of town meeting, $20.32; Herald Publishing Company, advertising canvass, &c., $19.63; Old Colony Street Railway Company, electric light, $3; Mercury Publishing Company, printing blanks required in nomination of town officers, official and specimen ballots, instruction sheets, &c., $108; Barney & Lee, Attorneys, Providence, services and expenses in matter of petition of George Osbourn, to Supreme Court, to have his name restored to voting list, $120.75.

Town officers were appointed as follows:

Surveyors of Highways—Dist. No. 1, Elmer B. Sisson; No. 2, William S. Caswell; No. 3, Chester B. Brown; No. 4, Daniel A. Carter.

Advisory Committee—Francis J. Coggeshall, John H. Oxx, Arthur W. Chase, William R. Hunter.

Town Sealer—Francis E. Lewis.

Pound Keeper—Arthur A. Brigham.

Weighers of Neat Cattle—Isaac T. Smith and James T. Barker.

Public Weighers—Dennis J. Murphy, Edward J. Peckham and William S. Coggeshall.

Appraisers of Damages done by Dogs—Ashton O. Barker, Charles E. Ash and William V. Hart.

Inspector of Petroleum—Charles H. Carr.

Commissioner of Wrecks—Prescott Molden.

Police Constables—Elisha A. Peckham, James Bloomfield, William S. Caswell, James A. Taber and Arthur A. Brigham.

Bird Constables—Charles H. Sisson, Otto Ehrhardt, Robert W. Smith and Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr.

Tramp Constables—Elisha A. Peckham, Elmer B. Sisson, James A. Taber and Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr.

Liquor Constable—Robert W. Smith.

Health Officer—Albert G. Brown.

Officer to take charge of Burial of Veteran Soldiers and Sailors—Charles Peckham.

IN COURT OF PROBATE—The third account of Harriet B. Chase, Guardian of Sarah C. Coggeshall, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

An inventory of the personal estate of Mary E. Manchester, presented by John H. Manchester, Executor, was allowed and ordered recorded.

James H. Barker was appointed Guardian of C. Henry Congdon and required to give bond in the sum of $5000, with the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland as surety. On this estate Lionel H. Peabody, Charles H. Ward and Henry I. Chase were appointed appraisers.

The will of Benjamin Wyatt was proved and ordered recorded, and letters testamentary granted to George S. Wyatt as Executor, he giving a personal bond in the sum of $800, to pay debts and legacies.

The will of N. Perry Potter was proved and admitted to record, and letters testamentary directed to issue to Harriet A. Potter as Executrix, she being required to give bond in the sum of $1000, for payment of debts.

The following petitions presented for the first time were each referred to the third Monday of May with an order of notice.

Petition of Laura Wistar to file and record an exemplified copy of the will of Susan Wallace.

Petition of Laura Wistar Bispham to file and record an exemplified copy of the will of Ellerslie Wallace.

Petition of Mary A. Ellery to appoint Daniel Beard Administrator d. b. n. c. t. a., on estate of Nathan T. Van Alstyne.

Miss Susie Fitts and Mr. Lovell J. Pike were quietly married at the home of Rev. George Vernon Dickey on Summer street Wednesday evening. The young couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. John Pearson, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Pike left later in the evening for New York where they will spend a week. Both are well known in this city, the bride having been in the employ of the Boston Store for a number of years and the groom a salesman in the employ of the A. C. Titus Company.

Funeral services for Mrs Abbie C., wife of Mr. Joseph S. Anthony, who died at her home on Spring street on Monday, took place from her residence Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Emery H. Potter, rector of Emmanuel Church, officiating. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends and many beautiful flowers lay on and about the casket. The bearers were Messrs. John Allen, Andrew Ramsey, James McLeish and John Kyle. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

The Stowaway

By

LOUIS TRACY

Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

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The Stowaway is a typical Tracy story that grips the interest with the first chapter and holds it firmly until the last. A conspiracy against the safety of a ship, a beautiful girl in distress, a brave sailor who aids her and speedily learns to love her, a mysterious island which is the scene of a South American revolutionary plot—these are some of the characters and themes utilized by a master story teller in weaving a romance of life under the mystic Southern Cross.

CHAPTER I.
THE ANDROMEDA.

"MARRY Mr. Bulmer! That horrid old man! Uncle, what are you saying?"

The girl sprang to her feet as if she were some timid creature of the wild aroused from sylvan broodings by knowledge of imminent danger. In her terror she upset three wineglasses on the luncheon table. One, rose tinted and ornate, crashed to the floor, and the noise seemed to irritate the owner of Linden House more than his niece's shrill terror.

"No need to bust up our best set of 'ock glasses just because I 'appen to mention owd Dickey Bulmer," he growled.

"I'm sorry," she said and stooped to pick up the fragments scattered over the carpet.

"Leave that alone," came the sharp order. "It's 'igh time you an' me 'ad a straight talk, an' I can't do wi' folk bouncin' about like an injin rubber ball when I've got things to say to 'em."

He gulped down some of the wine, darted his tongue several times in and out between his teeth, smacked his lips, replaced his cigar in his mouth and leaned back in his chair until it creaked.

Iris Yorke, accustomed to this ritual, found herself even in her present trouble wondering how it was possible that David Verity could be her mother's brother. This coarse mannered man, brother to the sweet voiced, tender hearted gentlewoman whose gracious wraith was left undimmed in the girl's memory by the lapse of years—it would be unbelievable if it were not true! But he had shown kindness to her in his domineering way. Shocked almost at the disloyalty of her thoughts, Iris tried to close the rift that had opened so unexpectedly.

"It was stupid of me to take you seriously," she said. "You cannot really mean that Mr. Bulmer wishes to marry me?"

"I meant it right enough, my lass," he said.

"But, uncle, dear"—

"Stop a bit. Listen to me first an' say your say when I've finished. Like everybody else, you think I'm a rich man. David Verity, Esq., shipowner of Linden House an' Exchange buildings—it looks all right, don't it, like one of them furrin apples with rosy peel an' a maggot inside? You're the first I've told about the maggot. Fact is, I'm broke. Shipownin' is rotten nowadays unless you've lots of capital. I've lost mine. Unless I get help, an' a thumpin' big slice of it, my name figures in the Gazette. I want £50,000, an' oo's goin' to give it to me? I put it to owd Dickey yesterday, an' 'e said you couldn't raise money in Liverpool today to build a ferryboat. But 'e said summat else. If you wed 'im 'e makes you a partner in the firm of Verity, Bulmer & Co. See? Wot's wrong with that? I've done everything for you up to date. Now it's your turn. Simple, isn't it? P'raps I ought to have explained things differently, but it didn't occur to me you'd hobject to bein' the wife of a millionaire, even if 'e is a doddrin' owd idiot to talk of marryin' ag'in."

"Oh, uncle!"

With a wail of despair the girl sank back and covered her face with her hands. Now that she believed the incredible she could utter no protest. The sacrifice demanded was too great.

Verity was angry, almost alarmed. Resistance, even of this passive sort, raised the savage in him. Hitherto Iris had been ready to obey his slightest whim.

"There's no use cryin' 'Oh, uncle,' an' kickin' up a fuss," he snapped viciously. "Where would you 'ave bin, I'd like to know, if it wasn't for me? In the gutter—that's where your precious fool of a father left your mother an' you. You're the best dressed an' best lookin' an' best eddicated girl i' Bootle today—thanks to me. When your mother kem 'ere ten year ago an' said her lit'rary gent of a 'usband was dead, neither of you 'ad 'ad a square meal for weeks—remember that, will you? It isn't my fault you've got to marry Bulmer. It's just a bit of infernal bad luck—the same for both of us, if it comes to that. An' why shouldn't you 'ave some of the sours after I've given you all the sweets?"

The girl staggered to her feet.

"I will do what you ask," she murmured, though there was a pitiful quivering at the corners of her mouth that bespoke an agony beyond the relief of tears. "But please don't say any more and never again allude to my dear father in that way or I may—I may forget what I owe you."

The door closed and he was alone.

Taking a small notebook from his pocket, he jotted down an array of figures. He was so absorbed in their analysis that he did not see Iris walk listlessly across the lawn that spread its summer greenery in front of the dining room windows. And that was an ill thing for David. The sight of the girl at that instant meant a great deal to him.

"Yes; that's it," he was thinking. "I must wheedle Dickey into the bank tomorrow. A word from 'im an' they'll all grovel, blast 'em!"

The door opened.

"Captain Coke to see you, sir," said a servant.

"Send 'im in. Bring 'im in 'ere."

The memorandum book disappeared. Verity's hearty greeting was that of a man who had not a care in the world.

"Glad to see you, Jimmie, my boy. Sit yourself down. 'Ave a cigar an' a glass o' port. I didn't expect you quite so soon, but you're just as welcome now as later."

Captain Coke placed his hat on top of a malacca cane and balanced both against the back of a chair.

"I'll take a smoke, but no wine, thankee, Mr. Verity," said he. "I kem along now cos I want to be aboard afore it's dark. We're moored in an awkward place."

"Poor owd Andromeda! Just 'er usual luck, eh, Jimmie?"

"Well, she ain't wot you might call one of fortune's fav'rits, but she's afloat, an' that's more'n you can say for a good many daisy cutters I've known."

Verity chuckled.

"Some ships are worth less afloat than ashore, an' she's one of 'em," he grinned. "You want a match. 'Ere you are!"

Coke puffed away in silence. There was an awkward pause. For once in his career Verity regretted his cultivated trick of covering up a significant phrase by quickly adding some comment on a totally different subject. But the sailor smoked on, stolidly heedless of a sudden lapse in the conversation, and the shipowner was com-

"THERE'S NO USE KICKIN' UP A FUSS."

pelled to start afresh. He was far too shrewd to go straight back to the topic burked by his own error.

"It's stuffy in 'ere with the two of us smokin'. Let's stroll into the garden," he said.

Coke was agreeable.

"It's the on'y bit of green stuff you seem to be fond of, Mr. Verity," he went on. "You keep us crool short of vegetables."

David's little eyes twinkled. Here was another opening. It would not be his fault if it led again up a cul-de-sac. He threw wide the window, and they crossed the lawn.

"Vegetables!" he cried. "Wish I could stock you from my place, an' I'd stuff you with 'em. I can grow 'em 'ere for next to nothin', but they cost a heap of money in furrin ports, an' your crimson wave catcher doesn't earn money. She eats it."

"Even that's one better'n her skipper, 'oo doesn't do neether," commented Coke gloomily. "The Andromeda was a good ship in 'er day, but that day is gone. You ought to 'ave sold 'er to the Dutchmen five years ago, Mr. Verity. Times were better then, an' now you'd 'ave a fine steel ship instead of a box of scrap iron."

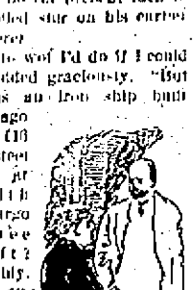
They were passing the rhododendrons, and Verity's quick eyes noted that a summer house beneath the shade of two venerable elms was unoccupied.

"Drop anchor in 'ere, Coke," said Verity. "It's cool an' breezy, an' we can 'ave a quiet course without bein' bothered. Now, I really sent for you today to tell you I mean to better the supplies this trip. Yes, 'onest Injun. I'm goin' to bung in an extry hundred tomorrow in the way of stores. Funny, isn't it?"

"Funny! It's a miracle!"

Though not altogether gratified by this whole hearted agreement with his own views, Verity was too anxious to keep his hearer on the present tack to resent any implied slur on his earlier efforts as a caterer.

"It's nothing to wot I'd do if I could afford it," he added graciously. "But wot chance 'as an iron ship built twenty years ago at a cost of £16 a ton agin a steel ship of today at £7 a ton, with twice the cargo space an' three feet less draft? W'y, no earthly. We're dished every way. We cost more to run, we can't jump 'arf the bars, we can't carry 'arf the stuff, we pay double insurance, an' we're axed to find interest on more'n double the capital. As you say, Jimmie, wot bloomin' chanst 'ave we?"



"THE ANDROMEDA GOES ON THE ROCKS."

Coke smoked silently. He had said none of these things, but when the shipowner's glance suddenly dwelt on him he nodded.

"Premium gone up, then?" he inquired.

"She's on a twelvemonth rate. It runs out in September. If you're lucky an' fill up with nitrate soon you may be 'ome again. If not, I'll 'ave to whack up a special quotation. After that there'll be no insurance. The Andromeda goes for wot she'll fetch."

Another pause. Then Coke broached a new phase.

"Meanin' that I lose the £2,000 I put in 'er to get my berth?" he said huskily.

"An' wot about me? I lose eight times as much. Just think of it! Sixteen thousand pounds would give me a fair balance to go on wi' i' these hard times, an' your two thou' would make the skipper's job in my new ship a certainty."

Coke's brick red face darkened. He breathed hard.

"Wot new ship?" he demanded.

"It's a secret, Jimmie, but I must stretch a point for a pal's sake. Dickey Bulmer's goin' to marry my niece, an' 'e 'as pledged himself to double the capital of the firm. Now I've let the cat out of the bag. I'm sorry, ole man—pon me soul, I am—but w'en Dickey's name crops up on change you know as well as me 'ow many captain's tickets will be backed wi' t' brass."

Neither man spoke during so long a time that the break seemed to impose a test of endurance. In such a crisis he who has all at stake will yield rather than he who only stakes a part.

"S'pose we talk plainly as man to man?" said Coke thickly at last.

"I can't talk much plainer," said Verity.

"Yes, you can. Promise me the command of your next ship, an' the Andromeda goes on the rocks this side o' Montevideo."

Verity jumped as though he had been stung by an infuriated wasp.

"Coke, I'm surprised at you," he grunted, not without a sharp glance around to make sure no other was near.

"No, you ain't not a bit surprised, on'y you don't like to 'ear it in cold English. That's wot you're drivin' at—the insurance. Wot are you afraid of? I take all the risk an' precious little of the money. Write me a letter"—

"Write! Me! Coke, you're loony."

"Not me! Wait till I'm through. Write a letter sayin' you're sorry the Andromeda must be laid up this fall, but promisin' me the next vacancy. 'Ow does that 'urt you?"

Verity's cigar had gone out. He relighted it with due deliberation. It could not be denied that his nerve at least was superb.

"I'm willin' to do anything in reason," he said slowly. "I don't see where I can lay 'ands on a better man than you, Jimmie, even if you do talk nonsense at times."

"I'll call at your office in the mornin' for the letter," said Coke, whose red face shone like the setting sun seen through a haze.

"Yes, yes. I'll 'ave it ready."

"An' you won't back out of them extry stores? I must sweeten the crew on this run."

"I'll supply the best of stuff, enough to last for the round trip. But don't make any mistake. You must be back afore Sept. 30. That's the date of the policy. By the way, 'oo's the new man you've shipped as second? Watts is the chief, I know, but 'oo is Mr. Philip Hozler?"

"Youngster fillin' in sea service to get a ticket an' qualify for the Cunard."

"Thoroughly reliable sort of chap, eh?"

"The best. Just the right kind of second for the Andromeda's last cruise. Smart as a new pin. You could trust 'im on the bridge of a battleship. Now, Watts is a good man, but a tot of rum makes 'im fair daft."

"Ah," purred Verity, "you must keep a tight 'and on Watts. I like an appetizer meself w'en I'm off dooty, so to speak, but it's no joke to 'ave a boozer in charge of a fine ship an' valyble freight. Of course you're responsible as master, but you can't be on deck mornin', noon an' night. Choke Watts off the drink an' you'll 'ave no trouble. Well, come along. Let's lubricate."

* * * * * * *

The Andromeda sailed on the Tuesday afternoon's tide. She would drop the pilot off Holyhead, and if she followed the beaten track on her long run to the river Plate—as sailors will persist in miscalling that wondrous Rio de la Plata—she might be signaled from Madeira or the Cape Verde islands. But shipmasters often prefer to set a course clear of the land till they pick up the coast of South America. If she were not spoken by some passing steamer there was every possibility that the sturdy old vessel would not be heard of again before reaching her destination.

* * * * * * *

But David Verity heard of her much sooner, and no thunderbolt that ever rent the heavens could have startled him more than the manner of that hearing.

Resolving to clinch matters with regard to Iris and her elderly sister, he invited "Owd Dickey" to supper on Sunday evening. The girl endured the man's presence with a placid dignity that amazed her uncle. On the plea of a headache she retired at an early hour, leaving Bulmer to gloat over his prospective happiness and primed to the point of dementia.

He was quite willing to accompany Verity to the bank next morning. A pleasant spoken manager sighed his relief when the visitors were gone, and he was free to look at the item "bills discounted" on Verity's page in the ledger. More than that, a lawyer was instructed to draw up a partnership deed, and the representatives of various shipbuilding firms were asked to supply estimates for two new vessels.

Altogether Dickey was complaisant and David enjoyed a busy and successful day. He dined in town, came home at a late hour and merely grinned when a servant told him that Mr. Bulmer had called twice, but Miss Iris happened to be out on both occasions.

Nevertheless at breakfast on Tuesday he warned his niece not to keep her admirer dangling at arm's length.

"E's a queer owd codger," explained the philosopher. "Play up to 'im a bit, an' you'll be able to twist 'im around your little finger. I b'lieve he's goin' dotty, an' you can trust me to see that the marriage settlement is O. K."

"Will you be home to dinner?" was her response.

"No. Now that the firm is in smooth water again, I must show myself a bit. It's all thanks to you, lass, an' I'll not forget it. Goodby!"

Iris smiled, and Verity was vastly pleased.

"I am sure you will not forget," she said. "Goodby!"

"There's no understandin' wimmin," mused David as his victoria swept through the gates of Linden House. "Sunday afternoon Dickey might ha' bin a dose of rat poison. Now she's ready to swaller 'im as if 'e was a chocolate drop."

Again he returned some few minutes after midnight. Again the servant announced Mr. Bulmer's visits, three of them, and again Miss Iris had been absent. In fact, she had not yet come home.

"Not 'ome!" cried David furiously. "W'y, it's gone 12. W'ere the—w'ere is she?"

No one knew. She had quitted the house soon after Verity himself and had not been seen since. Storm and rage as he might and did, David could not discover his niece's whereabouts. But enlightenment came on Thursday morning. A letter arrived by the first post. It was from Iris:

My Dear Uncle—Neither you nor Mr. Bulmer should have any objection to my passing the few remaining weeks of my liberty in the manner best pleasing to myself. On Sunday evening in your presence Mr. Bulmer urged me to fix an early date for our marriage. Tell him that I shall marry him when the Andromeda returns to England from South America. You will remember that you promised last year to take me to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires this summer. I have been learning Spanish so as to help our sightseeing. Unfortunately business prevents you from keeping that promise, but there is no reason why I should not go. I am on board the Andromeda and will probably be able to explain matters satisfactorily to Captain Coke. The vessel is due back at the end of September, I believe, so Mr. Bulmer will not have long to wait. It is more than likely that Captain Coke will not know I am aboard until Thursday, and I have arranged with a friend that this letter shall reach you about the same time. Please convey my apologies to Mr. Bulmer and accept my regret for any anxiety you may have felt owing to my unaccountable absence. Your affectionate niece, IRIS YORKE.

David narrowly escaped an apoplectic seizure. When he recovered his senses he looked ten years older. The instinct of self preservation alone saved him in his frenzy from blurting forth the tidings of the girl's flight. Incoherent with fear and passion, he contrived to give orders for his carriage and was driven to his office. Thence he dispatched telegrams to every signaling station at which by the remotest possibility the Andromeda might be intercepted, and the text of every message was, "Andromeda must return to Liverpool instantly."

But the wretched man realized that he was doomed. Fate had struck at him mercilessly.

Never was ship more eagerly sought than the Andromeda, yet never was ship more completely engulfed in the mysterious silence of the great sea. The days passed and the weeks, yet nothing was heard of her. She figured in the "overdue" list at Lloyd's, sharp eyed underwriters did "specs" in her, woebegone women began to haunt the Liverpool office for news of husbands and sons, the lovelorn Dickey wore Verity to a shadow of his former self by alternate pleadings and threats, but the Andromeda remained mute, and the fanciful letters from Iris became fewer and more fragmentary as David's imagination failed and his excuses grew thinner.

And the odd thing was that if David had only known it he could have saved himself all this heartburning and misery by looking through the dining room window on that Sunday afternoon when his prospects seemed to be so rosy. He never thought of that. He cursed every circumstance and person impartially and fluently, but he omitted from the satanic litany the one girlish prank of tree climbing that led Iris to spring out of sight amid the sheltering arms of an elm when her uncle and Captain Coke deemed the summer house a suitable place for "a plain talk as man to man."

CHAPTER II.
WHEREIN THE ANDROMEDA BEGINS HER VOYAGE.

THE second officer of the Andromeda was pacing the bridge with the slow alertness of responsibility. He would walk from port to starboard, glance forward and aft, peer at the wide crescent of the starlit sea, stroll back to port and again scan ship and horizon. Sometimes he halted in front of the binnacle lamp to make certain that the man at the wheel was keeping the course, south 15 west, set by Captain Coke shortly before midnight. His ears listened mechanically to the steady pulse beat of the propeller, but his mind dwelt on something far removed from his duties, though, to be sure, every poet who ever scribbled four lines of verse has found rhyme and reason in comparing women with stars and ships and the sea.

If Philip Hozler was no poet, he was a sailor, and sailors are notoriously susceptible to the charms of the softer sex. But the only woman he loved was his mother; the only bride he could look for during many a year was a mermaid, though these sprites of the deep waters seem to be frequenting undiscovered haunts since mariners ceased to woo the wind. For all that, if perforce he was heart whole, there was no just cause or impediment why he should not admire a pretty girl when he saw one, and an exceedingly pretty girl had honored him with her company during a brief minute of the previous day.

He was superintending the safe disposal of the last batch of cotton goods in the forward hold when a young lady, accompanied by a dock laborer carrying a leather portmanteau, spoke to him from the quay.

"Is Captain Coke on board?" said she.

"No, madam," said he, lifting his cap with one hand.

"I am Mr. Verity's niece, and I wish to send this parcel to Montevideo. May I put it in some place where it will be safe? You are Mr. Hozler, I suppose?" said Iris, gazing with frank brown eyes into his frank blue ones. "Well, I will just pop the bag into Captain Coke's stateroom and leave this note with it. I have explained everything fully. I wrote a line in case he might be absent."

"I AM MR. VERITY'S NIECE."

All of which was so strictly accurate that it served its purpose admirably, though the said purpose, it is regrettable to state, was the misleading and utter bamboozling of Philip Hozler. Miss Iris Yorke knew quite well that Captain Coke was then closeted with David Verity in Exchange buildings. She knew because she had watched him pass through the big swing doors of her uncle's office. She also knew, having made it her business to find out, that in fifteen minutes or less the crew would muster in the fo'c'sle for their midday meal. Not having heard a word of Hozler's free speech to the gentlemen of various nationalities at the bottom of the hold, she wondered why he was blushing.

When Hozler was free to glance a second time at the cross rail Iris had vanished. He was annoyed. Evidently she did not wish to encounter any more of the ship's officers that morning.

The hatches were on and everything was orderly before Coke's squat figure climbed the gangway. Hozler reported the young lady's visit, and the skipper was obviously surprised. As he hoisted himself up the steep ladder to the hurricane deck the younger man heard him condemning some one under his breath as "a leery old beggar." The phrase was hardly applicable to Iris, but Coke came out of his cabin with an open letter in his hand and bade a steward stow the portmanteau in some other more hallowed and less inconvenient place.

And there the incident ended. The Andromeda hauled down the blue peter for her long run of over 6,000 miles to Montevideo, and Hozler had routine work in plenty to occupy his mind during the first twenty-four hours at sea without perplexing it with memories of a pretty face. Soon after Holyhead was passed, it is true, a sailor reported to the second officer that he had seen a ghost between decks in the region of the lazarette. It was then near midnight, a quiet hour on board ship, and Hozler told the man sharply to go to his bunk and endeavor to sleep off the effects of the bad beer imbibed earlier in the day.

Now, on this second night of the voyage, while the ship was plodding steadily southward with that fifteen point inclination to the west that would take her far into the Atlantic soon after daybreak, Philip remembered Mr. Verity's niece and felt sorry that, when she paid former visits to the Andromeda fate had decreed that he should be serving his time on another vessel. It gave him a thrill when he heard that this charming girl knew his name, and it seemed to him for an instant that she was looking into his very soul, analyzing him, searching for some sign that he was not as others, which meant that there were some whom she had bitter cause to distrust.

At any rate, she had left a memento of her too brief appearance on board in the shape of the bag. He would contrive to take on his own shoulders its mission in Montevideo. Then on returning to Liverpool he would have an excuse for calling on her. He did not know her name yet. Possibly Captain Coke would mention that interesting fact when his temper lost its raw edge.

It was strange that he should be thinking of Iris, far stranger than he could guess, but his thoughts were subconscious, and he was in nowise neglecting the safety of the ship.

Hozler heard Coke reading the riot act to the shellbacks who were supposed to keep a sharp lookout ahead. But the captain did not monopolize the conversation. His deep notes rumbled only at intervals. The men had something to say. He returned to the bridge.

"One of them scallywags sez 'e 'as

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, 6.10, a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the even hour and half past the odd hour until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15. p. m.

Sundays, 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown, 5.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour until 10.50 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Sundays 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

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Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

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THE STOWAWAY

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

seen a ghost," he announced with the calm air of a man who states that the moon will rise during the next hour.

"Oh, is he the man who reported a ghost outside the lazarette last night?"

"I s'pose so. Did 'e tell you about it? That's where she walks."

"She!"

"That's his yarn—a female ghost, a black 'un, black clo'es anyhow. I'll take the forenoon watch, an' you might overhaul the ship for stowaways after breakfast."

"Yes, sir," said Hozier. And that is how it fell to his lot to discover Iris Yorke, looking very white and miserable, when the hatch of the lazarette was broken open at half past 8 on Thursday morning.

A tramp steamer is not a complex organism. She is made up of holds, bunkers, boilers and engines, with scanty accommodation for officers and crew grouped round the funnel or stuck in the bows. When the boats were stripped of their tarpaulins and a few lockers and storerooms examined the only available hiding places were the shaft tunnel, the holds and the lazarette, a small space between decks, situated directly above the propeller, where a reserve supply of provisions is generally carried.

But the door of the lazarette was locked and the key missing. There was nothing for it but to force the lock.

It was dark in there, and Hozier was undeniably startled by the spectacle of a slim figure, wrapped in a long ulster, standing among the cases and packages.

"Now, out you come!" he cried, with a gruffness that was intended only to cover his own amazement, but Iris, despite the horrors of seasickness and confinement in the dark was not minded to suffer what she considered to be impertinence on the part of a second officer.

"I am Miss Yorke," she said, coming forward into the half light of the lower deck. "Any explanation of my presence here will be given to the captain and to no other person."

That innocent word "person" is capable of many meanings. Hozier felt that its application to himself was distinctly unfavorable. And Iris was quite dignified and self possessed. She had given a few deft touches to her hair.

"Of course I did not know to whom I was speaking," he managed to say, for he now recognized the "ghost" and was more surprised than he had ever been in his life before.

"That is matterless," said Iris frigidly. "Where is Captain Coke?"

"On the bridge," said Philip.

"I will go to him. Please don't come with me. I tried to tell you that I would unlock the door, but you refused to listen. Will you let me pass?"

He obeyed in silence.

Iris hurried to the deck. The light seemed to dazzle her, and her steps were so uncertain that Hozier sprang forward and caught her arm.

"Won't you sit down a moment, Miss Yorke?" he said. "If you searched the whole ship you could not have chosen a worse place to travel in than the lazarette."

"I was driven out twice at night by the rats," she gasped.

"Too bad!" he whispered. "But it was your own fault. Why did you do it? At any rate, wait here a few minutes before you meet the captain."

"I am not afraid of meeting him. Why should I be? He knows me."

"I meant only that you are hardly able to walk, but I seem to say the wrong thing every time. There is nothing really to worry about. We are not far from Queenstown. We can put you ashore there by losing half a day."

The girl had been ill, racked in body and distraught in mind, but she summoned a half laugh at his words.

"You are still saying the wrong thing, Mr. Hozier," she murmured. "The Andromeda will not put into Queenstown. From this hour I become a passenger, not a stowaway. My uncle knows now that I am here. Thank you. You need not hold me any longer. I have quite recovered. Captain Coke is on the bridge, you said? I can find my way. This ship is no stranger to me."

And away she went, justifying her statements by tripping rapidly forward. The mere sight of her created boundless excitement among such members of the crew as were on deck.

When she reached the bridge, where Captain Coke was propped against the chart house, she had lost a good deal of the pallor and woebegone semblance that had demoralized Hozier.

Coke heard the rapid, light footsteps and turned his head. Certainly he could not have been more stupefied had he seen the ghost reported overnight.

"They told me I should find you here, captain," said she. "I must apologize for thrusting my company on you for a long voyage, but—circumstances—were too much for me—and"—

Face to face with the commander of the ship and startled anew by his expression of blank incredulity, the glib flow of words conned so often during the steadfast but dreadful hours spent in the lazarette failed her.

"You know me," she faltered. "I am Iris Yorke."

Not a syllable came from the irate and astonished man gazing at her with such bovine stolidity. His shoulders had not abated a fraction of their stubborn thrust against the frame of the chart house. His hands were immovable in the pockets of his reefer coat. Had he wished to terrify her by a hostile reception he could not have succeeded more completely, though, to be just, he meant nothing of the sort, his wits being jumbled into chaos by the apparition of the last person then alive whom he expected or desired to see on board the Andromeda.

But Iris could not interpret his mood, and she strove vainly to conquer the fear welling up in her breast because of the grim anger that seemed to blaze at her from every line of Coke's brick red countenance. In the struggle to pour forth the excuses and protestations that sounded so plausible in her own ears, while secured from observation behind the locked door of her retreat, she blundered unhappily on to the very topic that she had resolved to keep secret.

"Why are you so unwilling to acknowledge me?" she cried, with a nervous indignation that lent a tremor to her voice. "You have met me often enough. You saw me on Sunday at my uncle's house."

"Did I?" said Coke, speaking at last, but really as much at a loss for something to say as the girl herself. He had recognized her instantly, just as he would recognize the moon if the luminary fell from the sky and with as little comprehension of the cause of its falling.

Of course she took the question as a forerunner of blank denial. This was not to be borne. She fired into a direct attack.

"If your memory is hazy concerning the events of Sunday afternoon it may be helpful if I recall the conversation between my uncle and you in the summer house," she snapped.

Some of the glow fled from Coke's face.

"Wot's that you're sayin'?" demanded Coke, coming nearer and looking her straight in the eyes.

"I heard every word of that interesting talk," she continued valiantly. "I know what you arranged to do, so I have promised—to marry Mr. Bulmer—when the Andromeda—comes back!"

A light broke on Coke's intelligence that irradiated his prominent eyes. His heavy lips relaxed into a cunning grin.

"Oh, is that it?" he said. "Artful old dog, Verity! But why in—why didn't 'e tell me you was comin' aboard this trip? We 'aven't the right fixin's for a lady, so you must put up with the best we can do for you, Miss Yorke. Steady, now. You ain't a-goin' to faint, are you? Hi! Below there!" he yelled. "Tumble up, some of you!"

Hozier was the first to gain the bridge. He had followed the progress of events with sufficient accuracy to realize that Miss Iris Yorke had met with a distinct rebuff by the skipper, and, judging from his own experience of her physical weakness when she emerged into daylight, he was not surprised to hear that she had fainted.

"'Ere, take 'old," gurgled Coke, who had nearly swallowed the cigar in his surprise at Iris' unforeseen collapse.

"This kind of thing is more in your line than mine, young feller. Just lay 'er out in the saloon an' ax Watts to 'elp. His missus goes orf regular w'en they bring 'im 'ome paralytic."

Philip took the girl into his arms. To carry her safely down the steep stairway he was compelled to place her head on his left shoulder and clasp her tightly round the waist with his left arm. Some loosened strands of her hair touched his face. He could feel the laboring of her breast, the wild beating of her heart, and he was exceeding wroth with that unknown man or woman who had driven this insensible girl to such straits that she was ready to dare the discomforts and deprivations of a voyage as a stowaway rather than be persecuted further.

Iris was laid on a couch in the mess room, and the steward summoned Mr. Watts. The chief officer came, looking sheepish. It was manifestly a great relief when he found that the "ghost" was unconscious.

"Oh, that's nothing!" he cried in response to his junior's eager demand for information as to the treatment best fitted for such emergencies. "They all drop in a heap like that w'en they're worried. Fust you takes orf their gloves an' boots, then you undoes their stays an' rips open their dresses at the necks. One of you rubs their 'ands an' another their feet, an' you dabs cold water on their foreheads an' burn brown paper under their noses. In between whiles you give 'em a drink, stiff as you can make it. It's dead easy. Them stays are a bit troublesome if they run to size, but she's thin enough as it is. Anyhow, I can show you a fine trick for that. Just turn her over till I cast a lashin' loose with my knife."

Watts was elbowed aside so unceremoniously that his temper gave way. Hozier lifted Iris' head gently and unfastened the neck hooks of her blouse. He began to chafe her cold hands tenderly and pressed back the hair from her damp forehead. The "chief," not flattered by his own reflections, thought fit to sneer at these half measures.

"She's on'y a woman like the rest of 'em," he growled, "even if she is the owner's niece, an' a good lookin' gal at that. I s'pose now you think"—

"I think she will want some fresh air soon, so you had better clear out," said Philip.

His words were quiet, but he flashed a warning glance at the other man that sufficed. Watts retired, muttering sarcasms under his breath.

Iris revived, to find Philip supporting her with a degree of skill that was remarkable in one who had enjoyed so little experience in these matters. She heard his voice, coming, as it seemed, rapidly nearer, urging her to sip something very fiery and spirituous. Instantly she protested.

"What are you giving me?" she sobbed. "What has happened?"

Iris pushed away the glass and sat up.

"You carried me?" she said.

"Well, I couldn't do anything else."

"I suppose you don't realize what it means to a woman to feel that she has been out of her senses under such conditions?"

"No, but in your case it only meant that you sighed deeply a few times and tried to bite my fingers when I wished to open your mouth."

"What for? Why did you want to open my mouth?"

"To give you a drink. You needed a stimulant."

"Oh!"

By this time a few dexterous twists and turns had restrained those wandering tresses within bounds. She held a hairpin between her lips, and a woman can always say exactly what she means when a hairpin prevents discursiveness.

"I am all right now," she announced. "Will you please leave me and tell the steward to bring me a cup of tea? If there is a cabin at liberty he might put that portmanteau in it which I brought on board at Liverpool."

Hozier fulfilled her requests and rejoined Coke on the bridge.

"Miss Yorke is quite well again, sir," he reported. "She wants a cabin to change her clothes. I imagine. That bag you saw"—

"PRETTY FOXY, WASN'T IT?"

"Pretty foxy, wasn't it?" broke in Coke, with a glee that was puzzling to his hearer.

"The whole affair seems to have been carefully planned," agreed Philip. "But, as I was saying, she asked for the use of a cabin, so I told the steward to give her mine until we put into Queenstown."

Coke, who had lighted another black and stumpy cigar, removed it in order to speak with due emphasis.

"Put into h—ll" he said.

"But surely you will not take this young lady to the river Plate!" cried the astonished second officer.

"She knew where she was bound w'en she kem aboard the Andromeda," said the skipper, frowning now like a man who argues with himself. "There's her portmanter to prove it, with a label, an' all in her own 'and writin'. It's some game played on me by 'er an' 'er uncle. Any'ow, the fust time she sees land again it'll be the lovely 'arbor of Pernambuco, an' that's straight. 'Ere she is an' 'ere she'll stop, an' the best thing you can do is spread the notion among the crew that she's runnin' away to avoid marryin' a man she doesn't like. That sounds reasonable, an' it 'appens to be true. Verity an' me talked it over last Sunday p. m."

"To avoid a marriage!" repeated Hozier.

"Yes, that's it," said Coke. "But look 'ere, me boy, this gal sails under my flag. I'm—wot d'ye call it?—in locomotive parentibus, or something of the sort, while she's on the ship's books. You keep your mouth shut an' wink the other eye an' leave it to me to give you the chanst of your life. Eh, wot?"

Philip Hozier did not strive to extract the precise meaning of the skipper's words. The process would have been difficult since Coke himself could not have supplied any reasonable analysis. Somehow, to the commander's thinking, the presence of the girl seemed to make easier the casting away of the ship. Exactly how or what bearing her strangely begun voyage might have on subsequent events he was not yet in a position to say.

"Queenstown!" he chuckled. "Not this journey—not if my name's Jimmie Coke, the man 'oo is stannin' on all that is left of 'is 'ard earned savin's. No, sir; I've got me orders, an' I've got me letter, an' the pore old Andromeda gets ripped to pieces in the Recife lor I'll know the reason why. Wot a card to play at the inquiry! Owner's niece on board bound to South America for the good of 'er health. 'Oo even 'eard of a man sendin' 'is pretty niece on a ship 'e meant to throw away? It's providential, that's wot it is, reel providential! I do believe ole Verity 'ad a 'and in it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AMERICAN ACCENT.

An English Writer Frees His Mind on the Subject.

"The American accent," writes a contemporary correspondent, "is far less irritating than the cockney dialect, and it would be well for us if the former, which is at least musical, could be substituted for the cacophonous patois of our east end."

As a matter of fact, we think that the cockney accent has a certain number of real admirers, but what we wish to call to our readers' minds particularly is that America has its cockney, so to speak, precisely as we have. People in Kentucky have a rather burrish way of speaking, and they loathe and detest the fruity twang which overwhelms New England. The westerner, again, is responsible for the dialect which was supplied on the English boards by stage Yankees.

Whether you acquire the American accent or not depends on the length of time you remain in America. Englishmen who stay in New York for protracted periods preserve their native cadences intact. It is the man who pays a flying visit to the United States who comes back and always says "nop" for "no" and "yep" for "yes."

Once we met a man who had returned from a week's stay in Boston. He said he had heard it was easy to acquire the twang and finally exclaimed, "Waal, stranger, I guess it may be dead easy for some, but not for Blank Z. Asterisk," meaning himself. "Now, what's your opinion? Am I right?"—London Globe.

John and the Franchise.

A woman suffrage lecturer in England recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

A Real Regret.

Editor—I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but— Poet—But what? Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way.

Elevating.

Wigg—The man who loves a woman can't help being elevated. Wagg—And the man who loves more than one is apt to be sent up too.—Philadelphia Record.

The superior man is satisfied and composed; the mean man is always full of distress.—Confucius.

Pigeon Whistles of Pekin.

The smallest musical instruments in the world are the pigeon whistles of Pekin. They are made of thinnest bamboo and tiny gourds scraped to paper-like delicacy and fastened beneath the tail feathers of the carrier pigeons. As the birds fly through the air these instruments emit a weird aeolian melody like the harps of fairyland. Every morning and afternoon the vault of Pekin's sky is swept by these sweet, mournful notes as the birds fly to and fro, carrying messages to the bankers, the merchants, the lawyers, invitations, letters, stock quotations, a system older than the telegraph or telephone or the oldest letter service, as old as time itself. There are some twenty different kinds of pigeon whistles, some of them simple bamboo tubes with but one top and some as elaborately constructed as miniature organ pipes. They are all of featherweight lightness and when held in the hand and swept through the air emit the same delicate whistling notes as when borne through the upper atmosphere by the carrier pigeons.

A Diplomatic Official.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon III. he and the empress visited Normandy and had arranged to spend a couple of days at Evreux. M. Janvier de la Monte, who was the prefect, learned that the revolutionaries intended to hiss the sovereigns as they passed, and so he summoned the leaders of the movement and told them that he knew of their plot. "If you carry out your plan," said he to them, "you will get six months in prison. If you do not your friends will accuse you of cowardice and treason. As a way out of the difficulty I propose to lock you up at once until the emperor has gone." The conspirators accepted the terms offered them, and so the emperor was greeted only by cheers, as the revolutionaries, frightened at the arrest of their chiefs, had not dared to utter a sound. After the emperor and empress had gone the prefect went in person to release his prisoners, who had had such a pleasant time that they greeted him with cries of "Long live the prefect!" to which M. Janvier de la Monte, who was a man of wit, replied, "My friends, do not overdo it."

Settling a Matrimonial Dispute.

Mme. Sada Yacco, the famous Japanese actress, who had been a friend of the assassinated Prince Ito from her childhood, told the following amusing anecdote:

"In my frequent quarrels with my husband we sometimes asked Prince Ito to judge between us. One day when we had had a more than usually violent dispute at Chigasaki the prince came in unexpectedly, and I asked him to decide the question. But he declined, while proposing the following solution:

"'Go down into the garden, both of you, and fight it out like sumo tori (wrestlers). The one that wins will naturally be the one who is in the right.'

"No sooner said than done! In a trice Kawakami and I were in wrestling trim. By good luck my husband was just recovering from a serious illness, and as he was very weak I soon threw him to the ground. This amused the prince enormously, who, of course, had foreseen the end of the unequal match."

Cemeteries Where Women Gossip.

Friday, the Sabbath of the Moslems, when all true believers of the masculine gender make a point of going to church, their wives, sisters and daughters resort to the cemeteries and wail for the dead. But all their time is not spent in weeping, and sorrow is not the only emotion they display on these occasions. They take with them bunches and garlands of flowers and decorate the graves of their relatives and pray and weep over the dead for a time. Then when this pious duty is performed they gather in little groups and have a good time gossiping about the living. Thus the day of mourning is very popular among the Moslem women. It gives them almost the only opportunity they have of cultivating the acquaintance of their neighbors.

The Lion and the Unicorn.

The unicorn came into the royal arms with James I. It belongs to the royal arms of Scotland. The signet ring of Mary, mother of James, is in existence, having a unicorn on it. In the royal arms, therefore, one supporter represents England, the other Scotland.

The lion and the unicorn occur also in ancient Buddhist scriptures, placed together as supporters. Both of these animals also are seen playing draughts together in the well known Egyptian painting. But the oldest connection of the two is in the blessing of Jacob and of Moses. — London Notes and Queries.

Second Thought.

"Dear Mr. Flicks," she wrote, "I am very sorry that what you ask I cannot grant. I cannot become your wife. Yours sincerely, Ethel Barrows." Then she added: "P. S.—On second thoughts, dear George, I think I will marry you. Do come up tonight and see your own true Ethel."

A Subtle Difference.

"And so," began the browbeating attorney to the shabby witness, "you live by your wits, do you?"

"No, sir; by other folks' lack of them," corrected the witness modestly.

He Knew.

Wife—I wonder why there are no marriages in heaven? Husband—Because it is heaven, of course.—Illustrated Bits.

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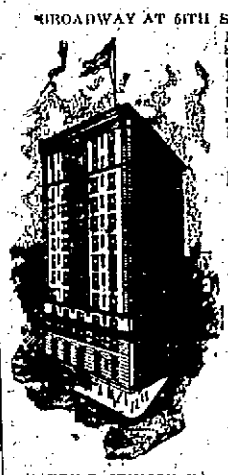

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, April 23, 1910.

The base ball season is in full swing and spring is surely here at last.

Colonel Roosevelt has made his little stir in Hungary also. Some of the members of the ruling family are inclined to feel jealous because the populace made too much of him. And he is still headed this way.

The death of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) will be deeply regretted by all who have read his works and have formed a warm attachment for the man. He had a firm place in the hearts of his fellow countrymen.

The charge made in some quarters that any member of the Newport delegation in the General Assembly is holding up any bill in which Newport is interested is without foundation and is either made with a wilfull intention to deceive or from ignorance of the true state of affairs.

A grand jury has indicted a Westerly druggist for conducting a liquor nuisance. The indictment carries no more serious charge, although it is generally understood that it was from this place that the whiskey was obtained that caused so many deaths in the past two weeks. Chemists have found traces of wood alcohol in the bodies of the victims.

Halley's comet still has its tail and it is a big one at that. The first reports of the observations indicated that the tail had got misplaced somewhere in the seventy-odd years since the comet's last appearance, and some persons were fearing that it had inadvertently been locked up in a bureau drawer and forgotten, but now their minds can be put at ease.

The report of a bold train robbery in the West reminds one very strongly of the days when such things were of frequent occurrence. Prompt action by State and Federal authorities however have served to make these rare of late years, and the stringent laws providing severe punishment for offenders when caught have discouraged many from entering the business. Still the old spirit crops out once in a while.

The 169th anniversary of the Newport Artillery Company will be observed on next Monday night when the annual banquet will be served in the Armory on Clarke street. Governor Pothier has been invited to be present and it is expected that he will be able to accept. Congressman Sheffield and members of the General Assembly will also be among the invited guests. Colonel Frank P. King will be the toast master.

The retirement of Senators Aldrich and Hale from the United States Senate will be a great loss to New England's strength and influence in the Congress of the United States. That New England has had a power far beyond her numerical strength is due in a large measure to the influence and able work of these two men and such other men as former Senators Blaine, Hoar, Hawley, Morrell and Edmunds. With the retirement of Aldrich and Hale, nearly all of New England's great leaders and defenders are gone. It looks now as though in the next Congress that band of Western insurgents, led by La Follette, Cummins, Dolliver and Co., would have full swing. If that is so, New England's interests will suffer and the men now howling against these two senators will repent in "sack cloth and ashes." No man has ever worked harder, nor accomplished more for the good of New England industries, than has Senator Aldrich.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich has officially announced that he will not be a candidate for re-election when his present term expires. The decision is reached simply and solely on the advice of his physicians who have told him that he cannot hope to retain his health unless he gives up the burden of national affairs that he has carried so long. The announcement of his retirement comes as a blow to his host of friends and yet they realize that he has already done his share of the work, and more, and is well entitled to a rest from his labors. His career in Congress has been a momentous one. He has long been the dominating force in the upper branch of Congress and has had an active part in the shaping of all financial legislation for many years. Although representing the smallest State in the union, he, in connection with others of our New England Senators and Representatives, has made New England play a far greater part in national affairs than her location and population would otherwise entitle her to. To the interest in behalf of New England's industries that has been manifested by her representatives in the federal government is due in no small measure her present great prosperity. Whether or not New England's commercial supremacy will be in any way diminished by the growing power of the Middle West is a question that time alone can answer, but certainly that section of the country has little in common with the East. To Nelson W. Aldrich and his associates New England owes a debt that can never be repaid.

General Assembly.

Next week will be the last of this session of the General Assembly, except for a short session which will be held in August for the purpose of adopting the report of the redistricting commission. It had been hoped to adjourn this week but the press of business made it necessary to go over until next week.

A number of Newport measures have been before the Legislature this week. The act allowing the representative council to appoint a building inspector was signed by the Governor on Wednesday and has become a law. The House has passed the bill vesting in the board of health the power to inspect and condemn bad provisions, etc. The Senate has passed in concurrence the resolution appropriating $850 for card index, etc., in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court. The House judiciary committee has reported with favorable recommendation the bill creating a State tax commissioner and defining his duties, and also the bill providing for a tax on personal property. The Senate has passed in concurrence the resolution appropriating $5000 for the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Convention, and appointing a committee for the same.

Practicing Conservation.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, late president of Harvard university, recently addressed a college society at Tufts on conservation. During the address he said that the two most important elements in conservation were health and longevity. They are in the keeping of the individual to a very large extent, and no legislative action is required in their behalf. Yet in all the conservation talk which is being indulged in little is being said about either.

Good health is a blessing which we rarely appreciate until it is gone. A man who never has been sick, and who therefore does not realize how much his happiness and his efficiency are dependent upon his good health, is miserable indeed when sickness overcomes him. It was probably a man like that who was in the mind of the woman who insisted that if a man were wet, weary and weak, and still good natured, he would be an angel if dried, rested and strengthened.

The practice of conservation is good, but there is nothing better than the home practice of the art.—Westerly Sun.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, it was decided that there was no necessity of widening and straightening Old Beach Road and it was voted that the report of the commission be not approved. This means the end of a controversy that has provided the regular winter argument of the people of Newport during the past few months. On recommendation of Chief Kirwin of the fire department it was voted to notify the Old Colony Street Railway Company that the trunk lines on Bellevue avenue from Bath road to Kay street must be placed underground, that part as far north as Old Beach road to be completed by May 1st, 1911, and the balance by May 1st, 1912.

A communication was received from the town council of Middletown, calling attention to needed repairs to the bridge over the creek at Easton's Beach, and the matter was referred to a committee consisting of Aldermen Mahoney and Albro. A number of minor licenses were granted and some were refused. The jury lists for the year beginning July 1 next were approved. Alderman Albro was made a committee to look into the matter of repairs needed in the roof of the No. 2 fire station. Regular weekly payrolls and a few bills were approved.

MIDDLETOWN.

An unusually large congregation attended the afternoon service on Sunday at Holy Cross church. The Bishop of Rhode Island, Rt. Rev. Wm. N. McVicar of Providence, administered the rite of confirmation to a class of 11 candidates who were presented by the rector, Rev. F. W. Goodman. The services were somewhat more brief than usual for this occasion, as the Bishop was suffering from a hoarse cold. The Bishop's address was taken from the text, "Hereafter, I call you not servants, slaves, but friends, and whatsoever the Father hath made known unto me, make I known unto you."

The meeting of Newport County Pomona Grange No. 1, Patrons of Husbandry, which was held on Tuesday at the town hall, will go down on record as one of the best held in years. The entertaining grange, Aquidneck, had decorated the hall with flags, a large collection of pictures on the afternoon's subject, "Our Dumb Animals" and potted flowering plants and cut flowers, and was much gratified by the presence of many officers and representatives from various granges in the state. The morning session conducted by Worthy Master Joseph A. Peckham and the earlier part of the afternoon session was devoted to business and the entertaining grange served dinner at noon in the council chamber. At 2.15 the grange was thrown open to the public and the lecturer, Mrs. Wm. M. Hughes, presented a very entertaining program, which included the two speakers, Professor C. B. Coleman of the department of animal husbandry, Kingston College, upon—"How to judge cattle," and Miss Elizabeth W. Olney of the Rhode Island Humane Educational Society of Providence upon "Kindness and care of dumb animals."

Literature was distributed upon the two subjects presented, and Mr. Coleman's talk was illustrated by large plates of types of cows. Both speakers handled their subjects in an especially clear and attractive manner and it was regretted that limited time compelled them to be brief. The musical numbers were all heartily encored and consisted of violin solos by Miss Roberta Chase, and vocal selections by Mrs. Gertrude Wilbur of Middletown, and Miss Hazel Ward and Mr. Frank Bennett of Newport. The accompanists were Mrs. Gilbert Elliot, Mrs. Belle Tallman, Miss Dubey and Mrs. Estelle Rangel; Miss Lottie Manchester of Tiverton was the accompanist for the grange music during the business session.

While the grange was assembling in the morning, during the dinner hour, and while the grange was disbanding, music was rendered by a concert machine graphophone conducted by the lecturer. Of the county granges, four of the five were represented; Middletown, Portsmouth, Tiverton and Little Compton; there was no representation from Jamestown. Of the visiting granges, guests and grange officials were present from East Providence, Barrington, East Greenwich, East Warren, and Cranston. State Lecturer Charles R. Magoon, and State "Flora," Mrs. Edmund Spooner, represented the Rhode Island State Grange and several masters from other county granges were present and spoke upon "the good of the order. The next regular meeting will be held with Little Compton Grange the third Tuesday in June.

Under the auspices of the Epworth League an "Egg Supper" will be given at the Methodist Episcopal Church on next week Wednesday, April 27th. A musical program will be presented in the evening under the direction of Mr. Robert W. Smith and Mrs. Ida M. Brown and will include Miss Gladys Sherman, soprano, Mr. Frank Bennett, tenor, and other musical talent. These annual suppers have brought out large gatherings and have proved a social and financial success.

Worthy Lecturer Charles H. Ward presents two subjects for consideration at the next regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange Thursday evening of the coming week; "Under what financial conditions may the average Grange undertake to possess a hall of its own," with the Worthy Master N. Horace Peckham William C. Hubbell, and Reuben W. Peckham as speakers, and, "If all the wealth of the country was distributed equally among the people, how long would it stay so?", Mr. Howard R. Peckham.

In place of the weekly afternoon meeting of the Oliphant Club a "Gentlemen's Evening" with whist, will be held Friday of this week at the Middletown Free Library on the West Main road. The affair will be open to the public and will be followed by light refreshments. It is intended to be a benefit to promote Library interests.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., April 21, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent April 22 to 26, warm wave 21 to 25, cool wave 24 to 28. This was expected to bring unusually warm and threatening weather, storms of more than average intensity, dry weather followed by showers and very much cooler.

Last disturbance of April will reach Pacific coast about April 26, cross Pacific slope by close of 27, great central valleys 28 to 30, eastern sections May 1. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 26, great central valleys 28, eastern sections 30. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 29, great central valleys May 1, eastern sections May 3.

This disturbance will bring unusually high temperatures in the northwest and southwest with low temperatures in the northeast and southeast. This would indicate that the storm center will move from northwest to southeast across the continent.

Indications are that rainfall will be generally below normal balance of April following 23. First disturbance of May will reach Pacific coast about April 30, cross Pacific slope by close of May 1, great central valleys 2 to 4, eastern sections 5. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope, about April 30, great central valleys May 2, eastern sections 4. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 3, great central valleys 5, eastern sections 7.

This disturbance will come in with unusually warm weather and following it will come a great fall in temperatures with rains in lower Missouri and middle Mississippi valleys and from Ohio eastward to the Atlantic.

The storms of this disturbance will not be great but will be of more than average intensity.

Temperatures of May promise to average lower than usual. From Ohio east to the Atlantic and northeast into Canada more than usual rain may be expected. Rainfall will also be in excess in southern Florida and within 200 miles of Burlington, Iowa. Elsewhere in the states rainfall will be below average. Dry in all the cotton belt. Rain about normal in Canada.

At the end of May all crops will be in good condition Ohio eastward to the Atlantic and northeastward through Pa., New Jersey, New England and eastern Canada. West of Meridian 90 in the states it will be too dry except good rains in parts of Illinois and Iowa. In many parts of the dry sections oats and grass will be damaged by dry weather. Wheat does not require so much rain as grass, oats and corn. In all of Canada all crops will be in fair condition at end of May.

As much corn is planted in May the dry weather will give farmers good opportunities to complete planting west of Mississippi. June, July and August will determine the corn crop which promises to be fair at end of May.

Mrs. Virginia Otis Heckscher, widow of the late John G. Heckscher, and Captain Rhinelander Waldo, fire commissioner of New York, were married at North Coscob, by Rev. M. George Thompson, pastor of Christ Episcopal Church, Greenwich, Conn.

Commodore Gerry's steam yacht Electra will soon be in readiness for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer are here from New York.

The greatest men are those who learn the most by the fewest experiences.

Election of Officers.

Van Rensselaer Lodge of Perfection, S. R. M.

Thrice Potent Master—Clark Burdick.
Deputy Master—John Mahan.
Senior Warden—Elbert A. Sisson.
Junior Warden—George C. Lawton.
Orator—William Champion.
Treasurer—William J. Easton.
Secretary—Herbert Bliss.
Master of Ceremonies—J. Irving Shepley.
Hospitaler—Robert S. Franklin.
Guard—Alexander J. MacIver.
Tyler—J. Gottlieb Spingler

Washington Matters.

President Taft's Address to the National Woman's Suffrage Association—The Proposed George Washington Memorial Building—The Two-Battleship Program—Talk on the River and Harbor Bill.—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., April 21, 1910.

An episode of the week of no very great importance, but withal having some significance, was the address of the President to the leaders of the National Woman's Suffrage Association in this city. The President did not squarely take issue with the propaganda, but expressed some doubt as to the ultimate results of the enfranchisement of the sex. These doubts were perhaps justified from his long study and observation of male suffrage and from his knowledge that the man best qualified to vote most frequently had his vote cancelled by the worst qualified voter. He knows, as does every statesman, that suffrage is at best a makeshift and that until a combined psychometer and phrenometer shall be invented which will accurately take stock of the mind and morals of the voter and a law be passed that will enable every man's vote to weigh according to his stock of sense and soul, popular suffrage cannot be more than a blundering clumsy instrument for the attainment of wisdom and purity in government.

It is the mistake of a few hundred or perhaps a few thousand good women to imagine that they have in suffrage a panacea for the cure of bad government. They have not thought enough or gone deep enough historically or philosophically into the subject. Well, Mr. Taft tried to tell them something of this kind, although he would not have dared to have spoken out as plainly as your humble correspondent, and his gentle advice was received with hisses and cat calls, almost under the eaves of the White House, from the ladies in the audience, who showed that they were no more polite than men and even less reverential. Whatever may be said against the President, he is a man and a gentleman. If these ladies had called on Dr. Samuel Johnson, they would doubtless have been received with the "Fiddle de de, my dears" in which he replied to a deputation of ladies who congratulated him on the publication of Rasselas. Today it is said the responsible members of the National Woman's Suffrage League are trying to throw the responsibility for the impoliteness upon unattached female hoodlums in the audience.

The work for the establishment of a Washington memorial in the shape of a great forum or hall to be used by visiting delegations and congresses from all parts of the United States and the world is proceeding successfully. The structure is to be known as the George Washington Memorial Building. Tentative plans for the building, which will contain an immense auditorium seating not less than five thousand people and a number of smaller halls to be used by scientific and literary and patriotic societies, have been submitted. It is also proposed that future inaugural balls shall be held in this memorial building.

Indications point to the adoption by Congress of the two battleship program. Senator Hale of Maine, a strenuous opponent of big ships, it is thought will not oppose them this year, and the sentiment for these colossal ships is strong in the House of Representatives. There was much talk in the early part of the session about an empty treasury and that it was needful to be economical. There has recently been little talk of this kind. The revenues of the government are rapidly increasing under the present tariff.

There was much talk in the early part of the session about an extensive waterways program. Senator Burton of Ohio, than whom no one better understands the inland navigation situation, has filed a minority report on the Rivers and Harbors Bill. It will be remembered that Senator Burton was for many years head of the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the lower House. He there acquired a more thorough knowledge at first hand of the rivers and harbors schemes in the United States than any other man. What he knows about waterways in this country and Europe he has gained by profound investigation or at first hand. In short, he is an authority and probably better entitled to be heard than any man in the United States. In his minority report he denounces squarely what he calls a "dribbling policy", in appropriations for harbor and river purposes. He is opposed to the system making a lot of small piece-meal appropriations instead of those sufficiently large for the completion of the work. But the most notable feature of his minority report relates to the conflict between water and railroad transportation. For years it has been the policy of the railroads to reduce rates on certain classes of freight for the purpose of driving river steamboat navigation out of business. Mr. Burton desires to have Interstate Commerce Commission fix minimum rates on railroads when necessary to protect water transportation.

Considerable progress has been made the past week in tearing down the houses on Meeting street and vicinity. One of the houses on Meeting street was cut in two and was moved in sections. It will not be long before all the buildings will be done away with and the erection of the new structure will soon be started. Much interest has been manifested the past week and large crowds have congregated watching the tearing down of some buildings and the moving of others. The boys have taken an active part in helping remove the lathes and small pieces of wood that were of no benefit to the buyers and have been on the spot daily with their carts, which were loaded to their capacity, and then carted to their homes.

Maud—So he had the cheek to ask my age, did he? Well, what did you tell him? Ethel—I told him I didn't know positively, but I thought you were twenty-four on your thirtieth birthday.—Boston Transcript.

"Now, your conduct during the trial may have considerable effect on the jury." "Ah, quite so," responded the ultra-swell defendant. "And should I appear interested or just mildly bored?" —Kansas City Journal.

"I'm sure," said the interviewer, "the public would be interested to know the secret of your success." "Well, young man," replied the captain of industry, "the secret of my success has been my ability to keep it a secret."—Sacred Heart Review.

Killed in Electric Chair

Auburn N. Y., April 19.—Karl B. Hill, 21 years old, convicted of the murder of Eldridge Davis, a prosperous farmer of Bainbridge, was put to death in one minute in the electric chair in Auburn prison.

Death of Old Confederate Officer

Florala, Ala., April 21.—S. G. French, the oldest living Confederate general, died here, aged 93 years. He will be buried at Pensacola, Fla.

Roundabout Bribery.

At one old time British election a candidate won by means of an umbrella. Sheer absence of mind caused him to leave the gamp behind at every house at which he called to canvass, and of course when it was returned by the voter a sovereign was only a suitable reward for honesty.

Impatience.

"Impatience," said Uncle Eben, "is ginerally de feelin' you has when you wants somebody else to hurry an' make up foh de time you's been wastin'."—Washington Star.

Just the Other Way.

"Did you ever hear Gadby say anything particular about me?"

"No. He never was very particular what he said about you."

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is godlike.—Mann.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

APRIL 1910	STANDARD TIME					
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
23 Sat	5 11	6 45	5 05	6 55	1 13
24 Sun	5 10	6 47	6 15	7 33	1 47
25 Mon	5 8	6 48	5 4	8 10	8 21
26 Tues	5 7	6 50	9 6	8 47	8 57
27 Wed	5 5	6 50	10 8	9 24	9 36
28 Thurs	5 4	6 51	11 8	10 05	10 18
29 Fri	5 3	6 52	mo'n	10 51	11 07

Last Quarter, 23 day, 7h. 47m., evening
New Moon, 30 day, 4h. 23m., evening
First Quarter 151 day, 9h. 4m. morning
Full Moon 24d day, 5h. 22m., morning

Deaths.

In this city, 15th inst., Abbie G., wife of Joseph S. Anthony, aged 63 years.

In this city, 19th inst., Jane T., wife of Robert H. Lee.

In this city, 19th inst., at his residence, 10 Middleton avenue, Maurice E. Crane.

In Block Island, 18th inst., Ira H. Littlefield.

In Bristol, 18th inst., Captain William Howe Church, in his 100th year.

In Providence, 18th inst., Patrick O'Rourke, father of Rev. J. F. O'Rourke of St. Joseph's Church, Newport.

In Fall River, Mass., 18th inst., Thomas J., son of Catherine and the late Patrick McCann.

In New York, 16th inst., William, son of Mrs. Rosetta Turner, of this city.

In New York, 17th inst., Mrs. Mary McDermid, mother of Mrs. Joseph Haire of this city.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves of friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1837.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Carr's List.

LADY MERTON, COLONIST, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES, by Anna Katherine Green.
THE SONG OF SONGS, Hermann Sudermann.
THE ETERNAL FIRES, by Victoria Cross.
TOWER OF IVORY, by Gertrude Atherton.
—ALSO—
OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND, "The stationery of a gentleman," it is a man's paper.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

WESTERLY WHISKY VICTIM

Wood Alcohol is Found in the Stomach of Daniel Sullivan

Westerly, R. I., April 21.—Professor Whitney of the Harvard medical school, who examined the stomachs of Daniel L. Sullivan and William D. Perrin, two of the thirteen persons believed to have died from the effects of whisky containing wood alcohol, stated in a report received by Medical Examiner Moran that he found wood alcohol in Sullivan's stomach, but that there was no evidence of poison in Perrin's stomach.

Thomas J. Bannon, a local druggist, who was indicted by the grand jury at Kingston for a liquor nuisance and who has been accused in sworn statements of having sold whisky which is believed to have caused the deaths of three persons, pleaded not guilty yesterday.

After a conference with Attorney General Greenough Coroner Kingsley sent out summonses for an inquest on the death of Sullivan.

HOPEFUL FOR DEMOCRATS

Too Early to Discuss Issues of Next Campaign, Says Bryan

New York, April 19.—William J. Bryan returned from his tour of South America, optimistic over the chance of Democratic victory at the next presidential election.

"The chances for the Democratic victory are always good," he said in discussing the political situation; "I see a most delightful opportunity for Democrats to elect enough congressmen to control the next house of representatives and possibly the senate."

"Will you be a candidate at the next presidential election?" he was asked.

"I have said all on that subject that I care to say," was his reply. He was reminded by his interviewers that that was the first time the subject had been brought up, but he refused to make any further statement. "It is too early yet," he said, "to discuss the issues of the next campaign."

NOVA SCOTIA MAN WINS BIG MARATHON

Contest is Witnessed by Quarter of a Million People

Boston, April 20.—Cheered by fully 25,000 who gathered at and about the Boston Athletic club on Exeter street, Fred L. Cameron, the Nova Scotia long distance runner, won the Marathon race, making the third best record for the twenty-five-mile course. Charles H. De Mar of this city was second.

Cameron's time was 2:28:52 4-5. This is about twenty-five minutes better than that made last year by Henri Renaud, and about four minutes behind the record made by Longboat in 1907. Cameron finished in excellent condition.

Running a minute behind Cameron came De Mar. When the throng realized that he was a local contestant they gave him an extra send-off. His time was 2:29:52 4-5. He was apparently fresh and able to do several more miles.

James J. Cockery of Toronto was the game contestant to come in third. When he realized that the ordeal was over he dropped in collapse. His time was 2:34 4-5.

Great enthusiasm marked the whole course of the race and it was estimated that fully 250,000 people saw the contest at one point or another. There were 160 athletes in the getaway.

CASSIDY IS PARDONED

Boston Lawyer Was Implicated in City Council Graft Case

Boston, April 21.—James T. Cassidy, the Boston attorney who was sentenced to Deer Island for fraud in connection with the purchase of law books which were delivered to Leo F. McCullough, president of the common council, and for which the city paid, has been officially pardoned by the governor's council.

Cassidy was released from custody Oct. 28 upon the recommendation of the probation officers and the district attorney, but was not given a pardon until yesterday.

$500,000 Robbery in Cathedral

Moscow, April 22.—A diamond ornament valued at hundreds of thousands of rubles was stolen from the image of the Virgin in the Ushpenski cathedral in the Kremlin. Many precious stones were cut out of the frames of the pictures of the saints. The total value of the loot is estimated at $500,000.

New Antelope Named Roosevelt

London, April 21.—Edmund Heller, the zoologist who accompanied Mr. Roosevelt on his African hunting trip, has decided that the sable antelope killed by Kermit Roosevelt is a new species peculiar to the Mombasa region and not heretofore described. It will be named the Roosevelt.

Aeroplane Carries Four Passengers

Charleville, France, April 22.—The French aviator, Roger Sommer, established a new world's record for aeroplanes. He made a flight of five minutes across country with four passengers.

Fifty-Four-Hour Bill Is Killed

Boston, April 22.—By casting the vote which resulted in a tie, 18 to 18, President Treadway of the senate killed the bill limiting to fifty-four hours a week the employment of women and minors in manufacturing establishments. The bill was one of the pet measures of organized labor.

"MARK TWAIN" CALLED HOME

Dean of American Humorists Dies of Broken Heart

LOSS OF HIS DEAR FRIENDS

They Weighed Heavily Upon Man to Whom Time Had Brought Full Measure of Honors, but Many Sorrows Which Were Borne With Silent Dignity—His Fame and Influence Will Remain as Legacy For Many Generations to Come

Redding, Conn., April 22.—Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "Mark Twain," died painlessly at his home here at 6:30 o'clock last night of angina pectoris. He lapsed into coma at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and never recovered consciousness. It was the end of a man worn out by grief and agony of body.

Wednesday was a bad day for the little knot of anxious watchers at the bedside. For hours the gray, aquiline features lay moulded in the inertia of death, while the pulse sank lower and lower, but late at night Twain passed from stupor into the first natural sleep he had known since he returned from Bermuda and yesterday morning he awoke refreshed, even faintly cheerful, and in full possession of all his faculties.

He recognized his daughter Clara, Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, spoke a word or two and feeling himself unequal to conversation, wrote out in pencil: "Give me my glasses." They were his last words.

Laying his glasses aside he sank first into reverie and later into final unconsciousness. There was no thought at the time, however, that the end was so near.

An Inveterate Smoker

Mark Twain was for more than fifty years an inveterate smoker, and the first conecture of the layman will be that he weakened his heart by over-indulgence in tobacco, but Dr. Halsey said that he was unable to predict that the angina pectoris from which the humorist died was in any way a sequel of nicotine poisoning. Yet it is true that after his illness began the doctor cut down Mark Twain's daily allowance of twenty cigars and countless pipes to four cigars a day.

The last bit of literary work did was a chapter of his unfinished autobiography, describing his daughter Jean's death. He sought diversion in Bermuda, where he was the guest of the American vice consul, William H. Allen, whose young daughter Helen acted as amanuensis for what few letters he cared to dictate.

His winter was gay but not happy. When he heard of the successive deaths of his two friends, William M. Laffan of The Sun and R. W. Gilder, editor of The Century, he said sadly: "How fortunate they are. No good fortune of that kind ever comes to me."

Life had no further allurements for him. Mr. Paine said last night that the book Mark Twain took up from the coverlet beside him when he asked for his glasses was Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," his inseparable companion and greatest favorite.

The burial will be in the family plot at Elmira, N. Y., where lie already his wife, his two daughters, Susan and Jean, and his infant son, Langhorne. No date has yet been set, as the family is still undecided whether or not there shall be a public funeral first in New York city.

Through the lanes around Redding the innocent at Home loved to wander in his white flannels for homely gossip with the neighbors. They remember him best as one who above all things loved a good listener, for Mark Twain was a mighty talker, stored with fairy tales for the little maids he adored, and ruder speech for masculine ears. It is a legend that he was vastly proud of his famous mop of white hair and is said to have spent the pains of a court lady in getting it to just the proper artistic disarray.

Last summer the walks began to falter; last fall they ceased for good. The death of H. H. Rogers, a close friend, was a severe blow. The death of his daughter, Jean, who was seized with an attack of epilepsy last fall while in her bath, was an added blow from which he never recovered. It was then that the stabbing pains in the heart began. Mark Twain died, as nearly as it can be said of any man, of a broken heart.

Loss to Fellow Countrymen

Samuel L. Clemens' countrymen have lost a guide, philosopher and friend; the world mourns a beloved sage. Wherever the printed page is turned his tales are read in a hundred tongues and in lands beyond the seas his writings cause tears to follow laughter and laughter to follow tears.

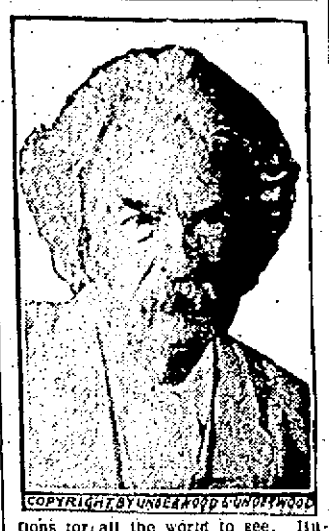
Like Victor Hugo, he sensed the life of all mankind; like Moliere, he was the foe of cant and sham; like Cervantes, he could invoke at will the muse of melancholy or summon the spirit of gay romance.

He was, more than all his contemporaries, the delineator of humanity. It was his sympathetic insight into the minds and lives of his fellow men that raised him to the highest rank in literature and caused his name to be inscribed on the tablets of enduring fame.

He revelled in the picturesque; he painted pictures of boy life which shall be vivid when the canvas limned by art has fallen into time worn shreds; he delighted by droll accounts of travel; he portrayed with striking vigor and truth new types and conditions for all the world to see. Humorist, essayist, novelist and poet, he was a universal genius whose loss will seem the greater with the lapse of years.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

Great Griefs Came to Help End Life



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No Genealogical Tree

It may be that Samuel L. Clemens always was like the Vizier of the Two Horned Alexander of whom Frank R. Stockton so blithely told. Did he not weep at Adam's tomb? Did not he himself trace his forebears back to Noah, as he tells in his autobiography? Did not his ancestors while away their years in the sunny land of Spain?

The reasons for his not being more particular in tracing out his descent were, first, because he was indolent, and also that he had been so busy "polishing up this end of the line and making it showy," as he wrote, that the had no time for the diversions of genealogy.

He recalled vividly his first birthday on its seventieth anniversary, which was celebrated at Delmonico's in 1905, and told of the cradle not having been whitewashed and of being surrounded by persons green with jealousy.

"Feeling then and there that he was the only really moral person in all that community," he lifted up his voice and said so. This declaration of principles was made on Nov. 30, 1835, for this was the date on which he first saw the light in the little town of Florida, Mo.

A Tribute to His Wife

Between Mr. and Mrs. Clemens there was ever romantic sympathy, and she perhaps better than any one else understood the variant moods of his complex nature.

Her epitaph, which he wrote and caused to be placed on the simple marble headstone of her grave at Elmira, breathes the exquisite tenderness of his thought of her. It reads:

"Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here!
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here!
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light!
Good night, dear heart!
Good night! good night!"

Mark Twain's permanent fame is a structure which is likely to rest upon the foundation of individual preference among his readers. There will always be those who will think there is no such human comedy as "The Innocents Abroad." Others will rest their admiration upon "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," others upon "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "Roughing It" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson." Others will believe that the best thing he ever did is the biographical romance of "Joan of Arc."

NEGRO UPRISING IN CUBA

Necessary to Send Troops to Garrison Provincial Capitals

Havana, April 21.—A negro uprising in Santa Clara province, where a large band of insurgents is causing trouble, has so alarmed the government that troops have been sent to garrison Santa Clara and other provincial capitals.

The government at first sought to deny the report of an uprising, but the call for troops made the matter public. The negro movement continues to grow all over the island.

VOTE FAVORS STRIKE

Worcester Street Railway Men Demand Increase in Scale of Wages

Worcester, Mass., April 20.—The Worcester street railway men voted, by a ratio of 7 to 1, in favor of a strike on all lines of the Consolidated Street Railway company centering in Worcester, unless the management of the company complies with the demands of the trolley men for a new wage scale.

The polling on the strike question was conducted Monday and Monday night, and the result of the vote was announced Tuesday afternoon. The men demand a wage scale ranging from 22½ cents to 27½ cents an hour.

BRAKE ON WARSHIP

Stops Vessel in Half Its Own Length While Making Good Time

Philadelphia, April 22.—The battleship Indiana returned to the Philadelphia navy yard after a five-days' test at sea of a brake which is claimed will help in the quick stoppage of warships.

Captain Thomas, who came from Washington to observe the test, said that the brake worked successfully. With its use, he said, the Indiana could be stopped in half its own length when going at good speed.

The brake is attached to each side of a ship and is operated from the engine room.

SENATE TO LOSE STRONG MEN

Aldrich and Hale Well Posted on Affairs of the Nation

TAFT REGRETS RETIREMENT

Has Looked to Rhode Island Senator to Put Party Measures Through in Shape Recommended by Administration—Maine Man Declines to Face a Scrimmage—Uncle Joe Cannon to Remain in the Ring

Washington, April 21.—Senator Aldrich called at the White House and personally acquainted President Taft with his determination to retire from politics March 3. It is said there was no attempt on Mr. Taft's part to disguise the genuine sorrow he feels over the retirement of the Rhode Island senator. The president has let it be known for some time past that he felt he had the genuine and sincere support of Aldrich, regardless of what his critics may have said or thought. He has looked to Mr. Aldrich therefore to put the party measures through the senate in the shape recommended by the administration.

While still far from voluble on the subject, Senator Hale talked with more freedom concerning his announced determination to retire from the senate. He admitted that he sent a letter to Chairman Boyd of the Maine committee informing him that he could not consent to make a personal contest for the senate. His principal reason was the unsettled condition of politics, and the fact that for the first time he has encountered opposition.

Seventy-four years of age and unused to opposition in his political aspirations, he says, he simply hesitated to enter upon a scrimmage which, while it probably would result in his triumph, would be injurious to his health and at the same time greatly disturb his peace of mind.

Mr. Hale also takes the position that already he has enjoyed all that can come to him as the result of election to the senate. He is especially proud of the fact that in none of his five full term elections to the senate has he encountered opposition in his party.

As is the case with Aldrich, Hale is a member of the monetary commission and will continue his services in that connection.

To his callers who spoke of the prospective retirement of Aldrich and Hale, President Taft had little to say. Each time he was approached on the subject, he seemed deeply serious. He believes the senate is losing the two men best acquainted with the government of the United States.

Mr. Taft does not think the announcement of the coming retirements will affect in any way his legislative program, or, as already stated, he hopes to get the pending bills enacted into laws before Aldrich and Hale pass into private life.

Speaker Cannon expects to live for twenty-five years longer, and is no political "quitter." He made both of these important announcements at the White House at the close of a conference with President Taft over pending legislation. When his attention was called to the retirement of Senators Aldrich and Hale and the approaching end of the alleged Cannon-Aldrich combination he said: "That combine exists only in the minds of the muckrakers and the would-be uplifters of the country."

Depew May Soon Leave Senate

Albany, April 21.—It is reported here that a close personal and political associate of United States Senator Depew has received word from him that he will follow the example of Senators Aldrich and Hale and decline to be a candidate for re-election.

Cobb Going After Hale's Seat

Rockland, Me., April 21.—Former Governor Cobb last night at his home here announced his candidacy for the United States senatorship, now held by Eugene Hale, who will retire at the end of his term, next March.

IS DOOMED FOR 1910

Liquor Interests Check Progress of "Bar and Bottle" Measure

Boston, April 22.—The "bar and bottle" bill will not become operative this year, as a result of the first victory for the liquor interests in the fight over this legislation.

By a voice vote the senate refused to enact the bill so that it could be sent to Governor Draper, and postponed all further action on it until after May 1, when all the liquor licenses in the state will have been granted.

Artist Ends Life With Gas

Lowell, Mass., April 22.—George W. Furber, well known here for nearly thirty years as a crayon artist, committed suicide by inhaling illuminating gas at his home. He had recently suffered from insomnia.

Siamese Twin Gives Birth to Son

Prague, Bohemia, April 20.—Two sisters of the name of Blazek, who are joined together like the Siamese twins, entered a local hospital and one of them, Rose, was delivered of a son.

Senate Passes Harbor Bill

Washington, April 21.—The river and harbor bill, carrying an appropriation of about $52,000,000, was passed by the senate. There were no material amendments, but there was considerable debate over various provisions.

NOW "HISTORICAL RELIC"

Old Confession of Faith Abandoned by New Haven Church

New Haven, April 22.—A new confession of faith, which drops the Apostles' Creed and requires no formal expression as to the divinity of Christ, has been adopted by the deacons and will be presented for adoption by the Center Congregational church of this city.

The significance of this action is that the church has strictly held to Puritan orthodoxy for more than two and a half centuries, having been founded in 1638. New members will only have to pledge themselves to believe in a higher life and to moral purposes. The old confession of faith will be spread upon the records of the church as a historical relic.

As explained by the church officers, the purpose of the change is to make the confession of faith absolutely non-theological and to gather into membership those who have hitherto been debarred by slight theological scruples.

AN ACCOMMODATING SPOUSE

Shoots Himself to Leave Wife Free to Marry Old Sweetheart

New York, April 21.—The happiness of his wife is more to John Kinosh than his own life, and so he shot himself that she might be free to marry another man whom he believed she loved.

Kinosh's wife had a sweetheart in Poland named Michael Solden before she came to America several years ago. Solden came to this country a few months ago and went to live with the Kinoshes. The husband thought he saw signs of renewed affection in his wife for her old sweetheart.

"I am in the way," said Kinosh. "I shot myself so you could marry Mike."

They carried him off to the hospital and the doctors say he is dying. Mrs. Kinosh says she loves only her husband and that his suspicions were groundless. Solden agrees with her.

TRUSTEE OF BANK ADMITS NEGLIGENCE

Had Confidence In Treasurer Hall of Southbridge Bank

Boston, April 21.—Henry C. Cady, trustee of the Southbridge bank for some years, told the legislative committee probing the defalcation that he had been negligent, but said that he thought that the bank commissioner was looking after the safety of the bank. He thought that there were few people who could realize the confidence that the people of Southbridge had in Treasurer Hall.

Representative Washburn asked Cady what he conceived the duties of a trustee to be. Cady replied that he couldn't explain, but that there were other trustees who knew more about the bank than he.

He had thought that the bank was in proper hands with Hall and the investment committee.

Kitchener Enjoyed His Visit

New York, April 21.—Lord Kitchener was a passenger on the Oceanic, which left for Europe. He confessed to some impressions as follows: "I've had a jolly good time. This is a great town, really, you know. It has the prettiest girls I ever saw."

HANDS CRACKED RAW AND SCALY

Itched and Burned Terribly—Arms Affected, Too—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep and Work Often Impossible—Was Fairly Worn Out.

CUTICURA SOON CURED HIS FEARFUL ECZEMA

"About a year ago an itching humor began to appear around the back of my hand. It started in to spread, and pretty soon it covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and, when I scratched, as I was doing a good part of the time, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad in around the pit of my thumbs that I could not move the thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching and did not seem to heal my hands up at all. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep, often lying awake until well toward morning, then waking up still tired. I am a chef and steward by trade and I had to give up my place, as my hands were so terrible to look at that they did not like to have me around about the food. I could not bear to touch them with water, but when I positively had to get my hands clean I would rub them with oil.

"This sort of business went on for three months and I kept trying zino and tar ointments and such remedies with no particular benefit. I did not know what to do, for I was fairly worn out. For a long time several friends kept asking me why I didn't use Cuticura and at last I thought I would. First I got the Cuticura Soap, then Cuticura Ointment and at last Cuticura Resolvent. I put the Cuticura Ointment on at night, covering my hands with light cotton gloves. In the morning the inside of the gloves would be lined with scales, sometimes half as long as your finger, leaving nice healed places where the scales had been. In a month I was cured and have kept so now for nine months. My hands and arms are perfectly clear of all traces of eczema and I think I am well rid of it. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass. Sept. 25, 1908."

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

CONDENSED REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Newport Trust Company,

As made to State Banking Department March 29, 1910.

ASSETS.

Loans, Discounts and Investments	$1,282,835 49
Banking House & Safe Deposit Vaults	167,500 00
Cash in Banks and in Vaults	197,145 75
Overdrafts	5,517 85
Total	$1,652,999 09

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$300,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	119,632 27
Deposits	1,233,366 82
Total	$1,652,999 09

ANGUS McLEOD, President.
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Vice President.
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

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143 Thames Street PHONE 1133

MILLINERY

ATTRACTIONS

For Selection go to SCHREIER'S.
For Style go to SCHREIER'S.
Everything in the line found here at popular prices.

Specialties in CHILDREN'S HATS.

ORDER DEPARTMENT,
BEST WORK GUARANTEED.

Malta-Vita Corn Flakes

LARGE PACKAGE 5 CENTS.

American Club Canned Goods,

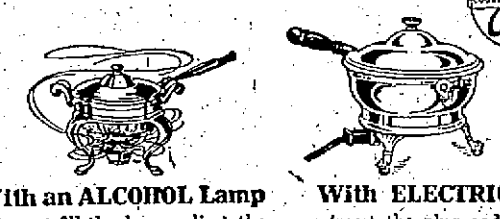
Nothing Better in the Market.

PEAS, TOMATOES, BEANS, BEETS.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172 176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—

Dispensing Optician,

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculists' prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—6:30 p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,
Real Estate Agent.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rates, $3 up Special Rates by the Week.
F. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

Not Worried.

"Doesn't it ever make you unhappy to see the way the papers refer to your husband as a grafter?"

"It used to, but I don't let it bother me any more. He says he has things fixed so that he could at any kind of an investigation."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to
2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

Home Course In Domestic Science

XVIII.—Food For Invalids and Children.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa State College.

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THE chief difference between cooking for the sick and for those in good health is that the sick person must have his food properly prepared and the one who is perfectly well ought to have it properly prepared. One is a case of necessity in order to regain health; the other is a case of prevention to ward off sickness. There is no medicine more important and powerful than the right kind of food cooked and served in the best way to make it easy of digestion and nutritious. Since this is true there is no part of nursing more important than that of preparing the invalid's meals. Selecting and cooking meals for one who has little appetite mean more than choosing certain nutritious foods and cooking them well. They mean presenting the proper food to the patient in such an attractive way that an appetite will be awakened and there will be a desire to eat. It is essential, then, that special care be taken in arranging the patient's tray. A sick person is unusually sensitive to details. Little things which possibly would pass unnoticed by the person in normal health may cause actual discomfort to the one weakened by disease. The tray should always be covered with a clean cloth. The smallest stain or a rumpled appearance may take away the patient's desire for the food. The prettiest, thinnest china and glass, the brightest silver, should be sent to the sickroom. These in themselves will appeal to the eye and thus aid digestion.

The food should be served in small quantities and by courses. It is not unusual for the sight of a tray loaded

A MODERN OUTFIT FOR INFANT.
[1. Band. 2. Band to be worn after second month. 3. Stockings. 4. Shirt. 5. Petticoat. 6. Nightgown. 7. Cambric slip.]

with many dishes on which generous helpings of food are served to take away the patient's appetite before he has tasted a mouthful. A well filled tray may be gratifying to the person convalescing from a long illness when food was limited to liquids, but as a rule it is unappetizing almost to every person. Before taking the tray to the patient make sure that his room is in order and that he is ready for the meal. Freshen the air in the room for a few moments, wipe the patient's hands and face with a dampened cloth, straighten the bedclothes and rearrange the pillows. Then bring in the tray with the food on it freshly prepared. Serve hot things hot and cold things cold. Have everything as nearly perfect as possible. Place the tray within easy reach of the patient if he is able to feed himself and then while he eats talk to him of interesting, pleasant things, which will cause him to forget himself and what he is doing. Do not sit down beside the bed and watch every mouthful he takes, occasionally remarking on his improved appetite or the lack of it. Such a procedure is very likely to make the patient feel he has eaten enough before he is fairly started on the meal.

The patient's diet is naturally somewhat limited. There are a great many kinds of foods that he is not allowed to eat, and even those that are permitted cannot be cooked in all sorts of ways. The physician in charge of the case will give a list of foods allowed, and in some cases he will state how they are to be prepared. But his directions are often general, as "give him soft cooked eggs" or "let him have a bit of chicken or a nice cream soup." Any specific instructions regarding recipes or different ways of serving the same food are not often attempted by the doctor. If the nurse—be she wife, mother, daughter or professional—does not know how to serve eggs in a variety of ways, how even beef tea and gruels may be given new forms and flavors, then the patient will probably weary of them, perhaps refuse to eat them. Fortunate is the woman who knows how to prepare simple foods attractively, making old friends appear as new acquaintances. But there are certain "don'ts" that must be observed when cooking for the sick.

Don't give an invalid or little child fried food of any kind. It is hard to digest, and the digestive organs of both sick people and children are weak.

Don't include pork in the invalid's bill of fare. A little crisp bacon or bacon gravy may be allowed occasionally.

Don't serve highly seasoned food. The sense of taste is generally very keen in sickness, and the natural seasoning of food is often enough. Besides, spices may weaken by overstimulation the digestive glands. Do not use pepper, mustard or vinegar and use salt sparingly.

Don't boil eggs for either invalids or children. Always cook them in water which has not quite reached the boiling point.

Don't cook milk directly over the fire; it is almost sure to burn. Even if it does not, milk should not be boiled for the same reason that an egg should not. Boiling temperature makes the albumen tough and indigestible.

Don't cook cream soups or boiled custards directly over the fire. Use a double boiler to keep the temperature below boiling.

Don't serve insufficiently cooked cereals. Rice, oatmeal and cornstarch should be cooked for a long time over hot water. Rice requires about two hours and oatmeal at least four hours' steam cooking.

Don't serve fried potatoes. When they are allowed they are much better baked, because they are more quickly digested in that form.

Don't serve cheese and don't cook butter too long. In making cream soups add the butter just before serving.

Nurse's Care of Herself.

The woman who is acting as nurse in her home is very apt to neglect herself. It may be hard for her to do otherwise, especially if there are other demands on her time and strength. But if the patient needs constant care then it is almost imperative that the person who is caring for him should be relieved of other duties and responsibilities. His recovery demands this, for the nurse's mental and physical condition has often a marked effect on the patient. If the nurse is tired out, has been obliged to do without sufficient sleep for several nights, she is not likely to be herself. She will be nervous, easily excited, perhaps irritable and utterly unfit to give her best effort to her task.

She should have regular hours for sleep, when her rest will be unbroken for at least seven hours out of each twenty-four. Then a short time should be allowed every day for outdoor exercise. Constantly breathing the air of even a well ventilated sickroom soon tells on even robust health. The nurse should have also good, nourishing, easily digested food at regular hours. When sickness comes into the family such matters as guarding the health of the nurse and keeping the other members of the household in good health are often overlooked, and a single case of illness very often becomes two or three just because of this neglect. Everything should be done to hasten the recovery of the patient as well as preserve the good health of the rest of the family.

The nurse should wear comfortable clothing—a washable dress and broad soled shoes—and if the disease is at all infectious she should be careful to wash her hands each time she touches the patient. Professional nurses learn very early in their training the importance of disinfecting and using every precaution to prevent further development of the disease germs, but the inexperienced sometimes find it hard to realize how very powerful and insidious are these minute germs.

It is not at all necessary for the home nurse to be versed in drugs and medicines, nor should she be required to put on complicated bandages, prepare dressings or administer treatments which require professional skill and experience. All such matters will be undertaken by the physician when a trained nurse is not employed. But the woman who knows how to put on a simple bandage, how to stop an ordinary attack of nosebleeding, what to do when some one faints and also is familiar with simple remedies for simple ailments will always find the knowledge useful. In fact, it is a part of the all round woman's education to know these things and be able to apply them in a common sense way.

The Care of Little Children.

No woman should consider her education complete until she has an intelligent knowledge regarding the care of little children. When we consider that the material out of which either heroes or invalids are made is found in the nursery it behooves every woman to see to it that either by her personal effort or by her influence she is doing her part to have the future generation composed of strong men and women, capable of being heroes, and that the number of weaklings is lessened. One of the greatest errors made in the management of children relates to their nutrition. "If the child is properly fed he will stand a great deal of abuse in other directions," says one authority, but more is necessary than food if the child is to develop properly. He must have fresh air, suitable nutrition and a chance to live as a young child should, free from care, with nothing to excite nerves or prevent the proper development of body and mind—as nearly like a young animal as possible.

Foolish Question.

Hasker—Hello, Crabbe! What are you going to do with the camera? Crabbe—Going to bore an artesian well in our dining room with it. You didn't suppose I was going to take pictures, did you?

His Object.

Wigwag—What, roses! Don't you know a girl never marries the fellow who sends her flowers? Oldbach—Sure, I do. That's why I always try to keep on the safe side.—Philadelphia Record.

Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.—Confucius.

A Fish With Teeth on His Tongue.

The biggest of fresh water fishes, the "arapaima" of the Amazon, in South America, which grows to six feet in length, has teeth on its tongue, so that the latter resembles the die and is used as such. Some kinds of trout also have the same peculiarity. Fishes that swallow their prey entire have their teeth so supported on flexible bases, as to bend backward, but not forward, in order that their victims shall not escape after they have been once seized. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, seventy feet in length, such as would make a mouthful of you without blinking. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are five inches long, whereas the biggest of the teeth belonging to sharks that exist at the present day are one and a half inches long. Speaking of extinct creatures reminds us that all of the early birds—those of early geological times, that is—had teeth, with which they captured the early worms of the same period. Being descendant from reptiles, it is natural that they should possess a dental equipment, but when they ceased to be carnivorous they had no teeth any longer.

Perhaps.

"I don't have no opinion of these newfangled women's notions," said Mr. Hyde when his wife timidly expressed her desire to join the Woman's Self Improvement society.

"But we learn so much there," ventured Mrs. Hyde.

"Don't believe it!" snapped Mr. Hyde. "Women don't know much, that's a fact, but let 'em stick to their domestic duties and learn them. That's my opinion. Let 'em follow St. Paul's injunction—stay at home and ask their husbands if they want to know anything."

"But, John"—

"I've settled it, and that's enough, Jane."

"But, John, that's what women have been doing all this time, and perhaps that's the reason they don't know much."

And then Mr. Hyde threw his boot at the cat and boxed Freddy's ears for grinning.—Pearson's.

An Eye to Business.

One day a man with a case full of handbills entered a restaurant in Cincinnati run by an astute old German.

"Vot haf you dere?" the latter asked as he observed the man about to display several of the bills on his walls.

"Railway circulars—excursion."

"Oh, ho," exclaimed the proprietor, "one of dose cheap ten day exgursions! Go avay cheaper vot you stay at home, eh?"

"Exactly," said the bill man.

"Und you vant to hang dem up here?"

"Certainly. You've no objection?"

"I haf most clear obgections," said the German decidedly. "Dake dem avay! Do you dake me for a fool man, dot I vould vant my customers to read dose bills und den go avay und eat at some cheap place for ten days?"—Detroit Free Press.

Pleased His Majesty.

The dark monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over an engineering establishment in an English city by the manager, who in explaining the working of certain machinery unfortunately got his coattails caught in it and in a moment was being whirled round at so many revolutions per minute. Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled, disheveled and dazed, at the feet of the visitor.

That exalted personage roared with laughter and said something to his interpreter.

"Sah," said that functionary to the manager, "his majesty say he am berry pleased with de trick an' will you please do it again?"—Sketchy Bits.

Bees and Ants.

Bees will place their honeycombs in any place regularly or irregularly shaped, and when they come to corners and angles they seem to stop and consider. Then they vary the shape of the cell, so that the space is exactly filled. It could not be done more satisfactorily if the whole thing had been worked out on paper beforehand. Ants make hard and smooth roads and drive tunnels compared to which man's efforts in making such things are insignificant.

Jock Scored.

"Well, Jock," said a laird to one of his tenants, "you are getting very bent. Why don't you stand up straight like me, man?"

"Eh, mon," replied Jock, "ye see that field of corn o'er there? Weel, ye'll notice that the full heids hang doon an' the empty eens stan' stracht up."—London Telegraph.

She Got It All.

"Do you give your wife an allowance?"

"Yes."

"How much do you allow her?"

"Don't you think it is rather impertinent for you to ask what my salary is?"—Houston Post.

Friendly Advice.

Mrs. Jawback—The doctor says I must sleep with my mouth shut. How can I get into the habit? Mr. Jawback—Try practicing it when you are awake.—Cleveland Leader.

The Difference.

She—When a man starts to talk he never stops to think. He—And when a woman starts she never thinks to stop.

Hope for the best, but work hard for the result.

A Terrible Threat.

Customer—That tea service costs 50 marks. That is more than I can pay. His Wife (whispering)—If I should have a fainting spell among all this china it would cost you far more.—Fliegende Blatter.

Living will teach you how to live better than preacher or book.—Goethe.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Feeding a Family of Five on $4 a Week.

"My husband," said the woman with the optimistic face, "gives me $4 a week for keeping up the table for our family, and it is simply wonderful how we do it."

"I should think so," observes the woman with the grim smile. "How big a family have you?"

"My husband, myself, three boys and the girl."

"And you keep up your table with $4 a week? What do you have?"

"For breakfast we have a cereal, fruit, coffee and sometimes bacon and eggs; for luncheon cold meats or croquettes or something made of the leftovers from dinner the night before and a simple dessert; for dinner we have a soup, chicken or roast meat, two vegetables, a salad, coffee and a dessert."

"My goodness! What prices do you pay for groceries and meats?"

"Mercy me! I never ask. I just telephone to the grocer and meat man and tell them what I want, and my husband gets the bills the first of the month."

"But I thought you said he allowed you only $4 a week?"

"So he does, and by charging nearly everything, do you know, I actually save $8 or $10 a month from that allowance!"—Judge's Library.

A Collector's Bargain.

Lord Spencer of Althorp, one of the greatest of book collectors, was at home only in his own field. One day in browsing about Bond street, London, he went into the shop of a dealer in bric-a-brac. The dealer, who knew him by sight, said persuasively:

"Here is a fine bit of pottery which your lordship really ought to have, and you shall have it very cheap—only 2 guineas."

So Lord Spencer bought it and took it home and set it in a high place. One day a connoisseur of china paid him a visit, and Lord Spencer showed his bargain.

"What did you give for it?" asked the connoisseur.

"Two guineas," answered Spencer rather proudly.

"H'm!" said the connoisseur. "At that price the marmalade should have been included."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that precious piece of yours is nothing more or less than a shilling marmalade pot with a green thistle painted on it."

Silencing the Questioners.

A French gentleman who had been with M. de Talleyrand for twenty years accompanied him to the congress at Vienna after Napoleon's exile to Elba. People naturally concluded that this long intimacy had made him familiar with a number of particulars of the minister's life and bearing also upon the events with which he had been mixed up. Worried with questions, the friend invariably replied that he knew nothing, but the questioners would not be satisfied and returned to the charge.

"Very well," finally said Talleyrand's confidant; "I'll tell you a peculiar and altogether unknown fact in connection with M. de Talleyrand. Since Louis XV. he's the only man who can open a soft boiled egg with one backward stroke of his knife without spilling a drop of the contents of the shell. That is the only peculiarity I know in connection with him."

Discretion had scored a decisive victory. From that moment the questions ceased.

The Sting of Ingratitude.

A young physician in the east side, New York city, spends much time in charitable practice, says the Newark Star. In fact, he sometimes gives to a poor patient enough money to pay for prescriptions. "I'm not getting rich," he explains, "but I simply can't see them suffer for medicines that may put them on their feet again."

Not many days ago the doctor had occasion to visit a woman who occupied one small tenement room with her three children. After making out a prescription he gave her $2, telling her to buy the medicine and to use the change for needed food. On the following day as he was about to enter the tenement for a second call he met the ten-year-old daughter of the patient.

"How is your mother?" he inquired of the child.

"Oh, she's all well!" was the answer. "She took the $2 and got a real docter."

When to Stop Advertising.

An English journal requested a number of the largest advertisers to give their opinions concerning the best time to stop advertising, and the following replies were received:

When the population ceases to multiply and the generation that crowded on after you and never heard of you stops coming on.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.

When you stop making fortunes solely through the direct use of this mighty agent.

When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up.

When you would rather have your own way and fail than take advice and win.—Nashville American.

The Ingenious Magpie.

The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter, but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge, an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities, he not only interlaces his home, but also the entire bush, in a most formidable manner. Nor does he stop here. To "make assurance double sure" he fashions a means of exit as well as an entrance to the castle, so that if disturbed he can slip out by his back door, as it were.—London Graphic.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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THE ENGLISH NAVY.

Fighting Ships Used to Be Hired Out in Times of Peace.

In the earliest times of the British navy there was practically no distinction between the merchantman and the man-of-war. In the rare times of peace men-of-war traded as merchantmen, while merchantmen always went armed. Thus in time of war the trader became the warship, and vice versa. From the time of the conquest and probably earlier down to the days of Elizabeth this was the ordinary practice. Elizabeth hired out ships of the navy for all sorts of purposes, from piracy to slave trading, taking her share of the profits when the venture was successful and disclaiming all responsibility when it wasn't.

Henry III., who may be described as the originator of the navy as a special fighting force, hired out the ships specially built for the navy in times of peace and even allowed them to be taken away from their appointed stations provided that the hirers deposited due security for the return of the ships with their tackle and all equipment in a proper state of efficiency. The practice ceased after the repulse of the Spanish armada, when the fighting ships, as such, became distinct from the trader.—London Globe.

Plant Misers.

All leaf buds, whether underground or on the bare branches of winter, are plant savings put aside from the superfluity of summer against the proverbial rainy day. The starch of which such organisms consist is to the plant what his savings are to the prudent man, and the common potato is one of the greatest misers of the vegetable world in this respect, for almost the whole of the tuber is made up of starch food, left as a legacy to the young plants represented by the "eyes." This is true of all plants that grow from bulbs.

Some go further, for they run a savings bank in the shape of a taproot, which, if left undisturbed, grows larger year by year, to be drawn upon in seasons of drought when other means of subsistence are exhausted. Among these are primroses, carrots, beetroot and turnips, and with these three last this faculty of saving has been developed by man to make the plants a source of profit to himself.

History of Anatomy.

The way in which we are so "fearfully and wonderfully made" was largely a mystery to the ancients. It may be said that anatomical science was practically unknown prior to Aristotle, 334 B. C. Before that date nearly all that was known of anatomy was derived from the dissection of the lower animals. Aristotle did something in the way of science, but it was not until the time of the famous Alexandrian school, a century before and a century after the birth of Christ, that the anatomy of man began to be fairly understood. The Ptolemies were great patrons of the science and were the first who enabled physicians freely to dissect the human body, thus frustrating the ignorant superstition which had been so long compromising the welfare of humanity.—Exchange.

The Holland Primrose.

There is a plant in Holland known as the evening primrose, which grows to a height of five or six feet and bears a profusion of large yellow flowers so brilliant that they attract immediate attention, even at a great distance, but the chief peculiarity about the plant is the fact that the flowers, which open just before sunset, burst into bloom so suddenly that they give one the impression of some magical agency. A man who has seen this sudden blooming says it is just as if some one had touched the land with a wand and thus covered it all at once with a golden sheet.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THE VORACIOUS TUNAS.

What Happens When They Meet a School of Flying Fish.

One time at San Clemente we sighted a feeding school of tuna, an exhilarating sight. A flying fish weighing a pound and a half or more would start from the water and soar an extraordinary distance, nearly out of sight, but every inch of that flight I knew was covered by a big tuna keeping his place just beneath the flier and ready to seize it the moment it fell into the water. This rarely failed. The moment the fish began to drop the tuna would spring at it like a tiger, turning and tossing the spume into the air with a splendid and electrifying rush, a maneuver that was repeated all over the blue channel.

The sensational charge meant that a school of tunas had discovered a school of its natural prey, flying fishes. At once the lust for blood and food was on, and carnage was the result.

I have observed some curious scenes at sea, but never have I seen fear so forcibly expressed as by a school of flying fishes, exhausted and at the mercy of the voracious tunas. I have had them gather about my boat and cling to its keel as closely as they could, while the air was full of leaping tunas and soaring fish. At such times when a school of sardines is rounded up the fishes are so terrified that men have rowed up to them and scooped them in by the pailful.—Outing.

Curious Optical Properties.

Asterism is the beautiful name given to a curious optical property of certain minerals. They show a star shaped figure where light is reflected from them or transmitted through them. This is seen in the star stone, which is a sort of sapphire, and in the star ruby. There is asterism also in mica. The photograph of a lamp flame taken through a plate of mica shows a six rayed star, with six fainter radiations between. Outwardly star mica resembles the ordinary form and shows the same phenomena under polarized light. When examined under the microscope, however, the star mica is found to contain fine needles of another mineral. And these are regularly arranged at angles of 120 degrees. To these needles is due the star seen by transmitted light.—Chicago Tribune.

The Butcher Bird's Larder.

It is possible that the butcher bird's "curious and cruel habit" of impaling various creatures upon hedge thorn is his way of supporting his wife during her period of seclusion. Of many species the female is fed by the male on the nest, but the butcher bird's prey consists often of creatures which are too large to be eaten at a mouthful. Even if the male could always drag these carcasses to the nest it is obvious that the female could not eat them there, so the "larder" may have been hit upon as a happy device to get over the difficulty, the female flitting thither to help herself whenever she is hungry.—Country Life.

Slim Chance For Her.

A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside a cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming.

"Why, no," said the old lady; "I hadn't heerd o' that. Won't there be more than one day?"

"No, my friend; only one day," was replied.

"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go, for we've only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."—New York Sun.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.
MIDY
Sold by all druggists.

The Crush.

It was at an afternoon tea, with the usual musical accompaniment. The man's man had been literally dragged there, an unwilling victim, by a zealous friend who liked afternoon teas with a musical accompaniment. Needless to say, the zealous friend was a ladies' man.

The man's man was very unhappy. He had sulked and had positively refused to be introduced to the bevy of charming girls presiding at the tea tables, much to the chagrin of the ladies' man, who naturally couldn't understand the attitude of the man's man. It was inexorable, from his point of view. But a ray of hope glimmered in his breast when the man's man rushed up to him, exclaiming:

"I say, old fellow, introduce me to the fat lady sitting over in the corner, will you?"

The eyes of the ladies' man glistened.

"With the greatest of pleasure," he cried. "Have you got a crush on her?"

"No," replied the man's man savagely. "I should say it was quite the other way. She's sitting on my hat!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Saw More Lights.

In one of the hotels recently some new electric lights were put in use in a decorative way. A young man who lives on the hill happened in during the evening and noticed the lights.

"They're very nice," he said to the head waiter, "but why didn't you put up more?"

The head waiter, knowing the young man's fondness for articles enumerated on the wine list, replied, "I think you'll see more of them before you leave, Mr. So-and-so."

The young man remained in the cafe a couple of hours and imbibed rather freely of liquid refreshments. When he got ready to leave he sought the head waiter.

"Much obliged to you," he said. "Did you put the extra ones in 'r me?"

"Certainly," replied the head waiter, bowing.

The young man left the hotel feeling greatly honored.—Denver Post.

Suppressing Swearing.

Profane as well as legal oaths have been the subject of many parliamentary measures in England. No fewer than five separate bills having the prevention of swearing for their object were presented during the reign of James I., but it was not until 1623 that an enactment was finally carried defining and controlling the offense. In 1635 a public department was established to collect the fines enforced by this law. The officials of this department, of whom one was appointed in every parish, were allowed 2s. 6d. in the pound on the money thus collected, and the balance was paid over to the bishop for the benefit of the deserving poor. These penalties ceased to be enforced after the restoration, but were revived by a statute of William and Mary and still further increased under George II.—London Scraps.

Fire.

Max Beerbohm's book "Yet Again" opens with the essay on "Fire."

"Fire in my grate," he writes, "is as terrible a thing as when it was lit by my ancestors night after night at the mouths of their caves to scare away the ancestors of my dog. And my dog regards it with the old wonder and misgiving. Even in his sleep he opens ever and again one eye to see that we are in no danger. And the fire glowers and roars through its bars at him with the scorn that a wild beast must needs have for a tame one. 'You are free,' it rages, 'and yet you do not spring at that man's throat and tear him limb from limb and make a meal of him.' And, gazing at me, it licks its red lips, and I, laughing good humoredly, rise and give the monster a shovelful of its proper food, which it leaps at and noisily devours."

The First Pantomime.

The first pantomime introduced to the English stage was "Tavern Bilkers" and was by John Weaver. This was in the year 1702. It was produced at Drury Lane. The great institutor of pantomime in England was, however, John Rice, who devised this form of entertainment in 1717. His first emphatic success was in 1724, when he produced "The Necromancer; or, History of Dr. Faustus." So successful was Rich with his pantomimes that Garrick, Quin and others became exasperated. Rich lived to see pantomimes firmly established at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He died in 1761.—London Stage.

Not a Bouncer.

"Mother," said a six-year-old hopeful, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it's funny, Willie?" remarked his mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He only hollered."

A Mean Suggestion.

Pierrot—The only way for a man to understand women is to get married. Pierette—And study the ways of his wife, eh? Pierrot—No. Listen to what she tells him about the other women.

The Spenders.

"How are you getting along, Jones, since you got married? Saving any money?"

"Yes, but for heaven's sake don't tell my wife."—Judge's Library.

Descriptive.

"Is he broke?"

"Broke! Why, his assets rattle around in his liabilities like a pea in a coal bucket."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Might Help Some.

"It's up to you to do something to help our Neighborhood Improvement Association."

"I'm for it. I'll make my daughter tell her piano."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Leave your son a good name and an employment.—Stevenson.

The Hearts of Yesterday.

BY GENEVIEVE M. BOYCE.

"Soft o'er the fountain lingering falls the southern moon, while o'er the mountain—" The harp accompaniment ceased abruptly and the sweet, clear voice of the singer trailed off into silence.

It was twilight and June, and the summer wind that floated in through the open window seemed to breathe of the many seas it had travelled over, the restless amethyst waves it had gently rippled, the countless flowers it had caressed, the wonderful bird melody it had listened to, and the fragrance of the place it had lightly passed through in its journey of the day—or at least so it seemed to the fanciful girl half lost in the shadows that filled the magnificent library.

It was the last night of her girlhood freedom; tomorrow was her wedding day. Just across the hall the gleaming satin and billowy lace of her bridal gown and the veil were being carefully arranged for the morrow, but the echo of happy laughter and gay voices floating into the shadowy room fell unheeding on the ears of the girl, who with wistful eyes watched the great white moon slowly rising beyond the church on the hill, whose gilded cross seemed to rest dreaming against the star-gemmed velvet of the evening sky.

She was not thinking of the morrow nor of the great house into which she was marrying; neither was she thinking of Paul Lyndington, tall, dark and grand, whose bride she was to be, but her thoughts were back in a tiny faraway town bordering on a crooning sapphire sea, and with a little boy and girl who dwelt there in the golden long ago.

Theirs had been a beautiful childhood; she could not remember when she didn't know Bobby Carlington. They had played together on the yellow sand in the days of mud pies and pinafores, digging caves and peopling them with ancient giants and fairies, gathering the delicate pink shells that were strewn on the shore and building them into tiny castles for the fairy queen, they said, and when the sun in all its golden splendor shone full upon the beautifully tinted shells they flashed back such wonderful shades of rose, pearl and opal that the children cried in delight that the fairies were dancing in their pink-shelled castles.

And when the days of babyhood were passed they were friends and companions still. Her every wish was law to him even in the early schooldays. At her first party, because she had carelessly expressed a wish for violets, although still very early for their dainty little heads to appear above the frozen ground, Bobby had scoured the woods for the delicate flowers and had arrived late at the party with scratched, soiled hands, but his basket triumphantly filled with the beautiful purple bloom. Half unconsciously her hand strayed to the violets at her belt. They were the choicest blossoms of the Lyndington conservatory, but to her they could not be compared with the beautiful purple velvet violets to be found in the Cliffhurst woods.

And so their lives intertwined from babyhood bade fair to be joined for life, for their affection and allegiance to each other never wavered as the years flew by, and one night in the rose garden of the Vernons Robert Carlington slipped a magnificent diamond on the slender finger of the fair Helene.

But their happiness was short-lived, for the next day, the bank of which Bobby Carlington's father was treasurer and the Vernons the largest depositors closed its doors; unwise speculation had brought about its ruin. The shock killed Helene's father, already weakened by a long illness, and the Carlingtons left the village.

They pledged faith to each other on the moon-lit shore where they had built pink-shelled castles for the fairies and dug caves in the days of childhood, and the star-reflected waves breaking in on the shore in gentle ripples listened to their long, last farewell.

Many pained letters passed between them at frequent intervals during the first months of their separation, but finally Helene found it necessary to leave Cliffhurst and accept a position as governess in the Brewster mansion in the faraway city, and with her departure from their old home the links in the chain of their friendship seemed to weaken; Bobby's letters grew short and irregular. He was not feeling well, he complained in one of them; the climate was not agreeing with him. Then they ceased altogether. Helene worried and fretted, but receiving no answer to her inquiries she, too ceased writing and their friendship became but a memory.

Meanwhile she accepted the routine of the Brewster household and quietly slipped into the position of leading the children along the rocky road of learning, and but for Mrs. Brewster's kind attention this would often have been a difficult task. The children were mortally afraid of their Uncle Philip when he chose to be angry, and often their tricks would have tried the patience of the martyrs of old. Only Paul Lyndington's presence in the schoolroom made teaching the Brewster children at all bearable.

The heartache of losing Bobby either by illness or by death as she fondly believed was becoming dulled as time went by, and when Philip Lyndington asked her to be his wife the tired little governess consented, and only for the memory of the old days at Cliffhurst she would have given him all the love of her heart.

"Alone, Helene?" The girl started nervously as Philip Lyndington stood in the doorway with a letter in his hand. "I will be back presently," he said gently as he handed her the letter. She appreciated his thoughtfulness in allowing her to read the letter uninterrupted.

One glance at the writing and she stifled the cry that rose to her lips. It was from Bobby Carlington. Mingled emotion of surprise, delight, indignation, anger and pride swept across her face as she read the letter. He had been ill for many weeks, he wrote—so ill that he knew nothing of what was going on around him, and but for the untiring devotion of a girl who lived near by he would have died. To her he owed his life and she was now his bride. They were staying a few days at Cliffhurst and would like to have Helene run down and see them.

Helene finished the letter between a gasp and a laugh that had a touch of hysterical mirth in it. Run down to see them, indeed, and she the affianced bride of Philip Lyndington of the exclusive Lyndingtons of Redgate! The pride of a hundred Lyndingtons was in her face and figure as she tossed the letter aside. The next mail carried an elaborately engraved card announcing the early marriage of Helene Marie Vernon and Philip Clyde Lyndington.—Boston Post.

"Well, As I Was Saying."

John took the seat behind his friend, Miss Wilson, in the trolley car. He wore a bored expression, and after a few casual remarks on the weather, the cause of his disgust was revealed. "When women have a thing to say," he began, "why don't they say it and get done? More physical and moral force is wasted in the reiteration of feminine conversation than could be used up in a long time of effectual action. Women's conversation consists largely of circular buzz-saws with a thing to work on. My wife has a sister staying with her." His friend saw there was something coming and listened patiently.

"This morning she mislaid some letters she had intended giving me to post. You wouldn't think it would take long to tell about such a circumstance, now would you?"

"Why, no," said Miss Wilson.

"Well, it took all breakfast time. She began when she came to the table. Said she:

"'I had two letters and a postal card which I thought John would post for me on his way down town. I stamped the letters and laid them between the leaves of a magazine—there were two letters and a postal card—and I laid the book on the stairs, thinking I would give the letters and the card to John, so he might mail them on his way down town, and I can't find them anywhere. I've hunted high and low, and I can't imagine what has become of them.

"'There were two letters—all stamped—and a postal card, and I remember laying them right between the leaves of the book, and putting it on the stairs, so that it would be handy to give to John, for I was very particular that they should go this morning, and I knew he would just as soon post them on his way down town.

"'I can't think where they have disappeared to, for I remember distinctly placing them in the book—two letters and a postal and saying to myself—' and so on.

"'Well, that went on and on, and round and round, without getting anywhere, and the last thing I heard as I shut the front door was, 'Two letters all stamped, and a postal card. Do you wonder I'm tired with that for breakfast?'"

Just then a masculine voice asserted itself from the seat behind. One man was relating something to another so emphatically that there was nothing to do but listen.

"Sca't? Well, I guess I was sca't. I never was so sca't in my life. I ain't usually sca't of thunder—been lots of times right out in the open when it was thundering and lightning hard, and ain't minded it at all, but this time I was sca't most to death.

"You see, our house sets something like that one out there, not very far from the next one. Well, we were all sitting out on the front porch in the evening, and I was sitting on the step near the walk; the others were sitting back, but I was on the lower step near the walk, see?

"Well, we were sitting there, and all of a sudden there came this thunder and lightning.

"It was fierce! The lightning just filled in all that space between the houses—they're set near together you know—and I thought I was struck for sure. It seemed to come right down all around me—you see I was sitting right on the step—and I thought sure I was struck. It seemed to kind of make me numb.

"I never was so sca't in my life. You see the others were further back, but I was right out on the lower step, and the lightning seemed to come right down between the two houses.

"Well, when I could think, I looked at my wife. She was sitting back on the porch by the door, quite a ways from me, because I was on the step, but she was as white as chalk. I never see any one so white in my life before.

"She was so sca't; and I was so sca't to see her so white—why she didn't have a mite of color.

"Well, I tell you, I never minded thunder storms before, but that time I was sca't. You see, I was sitting—"

Here the car stopped and the two friends got out. John was gazing out of the window in an absorbed fashion. For some little time nothing was said; but Miss Wilson, being a woman, took advantage of her prerogative.

"Speaking about buzz-saws—"

"Excuse me," said John, hurriedly, "I get out here."—Youth's Companion.

How to Do It.

Suddenly a white form appeared at a window. All about leaped the mad flames. A portion of the wall had caved in, and it was too hot for the firemen to go up after the man, anyway. But see, a noble hero dashes under the ropes, makes his way to the elevator, and shoots up to the seventy-seventh floor, where the lonely form is still standing. Within about eight and one-half minutes he comes tearing out of the building with the life he has saved.

About 75,000 people rushed over to the hero—the man who at the risk of his own life and without the aid of a brass band went to the rescue of one lone man.

"Twas, indeed, noble of you" the people cried, with one voice. "Why did you do it?"

"Well," said the hero, "I hat to. He owes me two tollars."—Oregon Journal.

Ten to One.

Canada's population is close to eight millions, and the United States is about eighty millions. Each nation reached respectively its hundred million dollar parliament and its thousand million dollar congress almost simultaneously, and the chances are that Canada will turn the ten million population mark about the time the United States population numbers one hundred millions. The ten to one ratio between the two nations seems to hold good in a number of matters.—Ottawa Journal.

In a written examination on astronomy one of the questions was, "What happens when there is an eclipse of the moon?" A student with rather a good knack of getting out of a difficulty wrote: A great many people come out to look at it."

"The way to run this country," said the egotist, "is to put thoroughly wise, capable, alert, and honest men in control of affairs." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but what are we going to do? There's only one of you."—Washington Star.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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Showing His Diamonds.

August Belmont, at a luncheon on his yacht Scout, condemned the vulgarity of diamonds in the male shirt bosom or cravat.

"Pearls," said Mr. Belmont, "are quite correct, but diamonds are vulgar beyond words. The kind of man who wears diamonds is the kind who calls them 'stones' or 'sparklers,' and champagne such a man will always refer to as 'wine'—as if there were not a thousand varieties of wine!

"A man of this type," said Mr. Belmont, smiling, "once bought two huge diamonds for his shirt front, and wore them for the first time at an evening wedding. He drew as much attention as possible to the two gems during the reception and supper. Still he wasn't absolutely sure that they were being as thoroughly admired as he could wish.

"The man was called on to toast the bride and groom, and in the course of his speech a happy thought came to him, and he concluded with these words:

"'And so, dear friends, we may be confident that a splendid future lies before the young and happy couple. She has been a good daughter—she will make a perfect wife. He has been a good son—he will make a model husband. In fact, my friends, I am certain that dear George and dear Susie possess a future as bright and radiant and beautiful as this—

("He touched his upper diamond stud.)—'or this.'

("He touched the lower one, and sat down amid great applause.")—Washington Star.

Common Sense.

The patent office is the one department of government which actually yields a profit—something more than $80,000 for the last fiscal year, during which the fees amounted to $1,887,000. While it would seem increasingly difficult to invent something which has not already been invented and patented, the records show 62,000 applications for mechanical appliances on which 35,000 patents were issued.

Inasmuch as the last year shows an increase of 4000 applications, it is evident that invention, instead of growing less, is, on the contrary, steadily increasing and while many patents are secured on which the inventors realize little or nothing, yet fortunes are now and will continue to be made from new and practical ideas. In most cases the cause of failure to realize expections will be found in the natural tendency of an inventor to magnify the possibilities and minimize the difficulties of selling his invention. While an occasional find is made by some one working along a line in which he is poorly informed, hundreds waste time and money developing some device which when finished proves to be either old or without demand.

If the inventor would have his attorney make a search of the records before instead of after completing his invention, he would save money and be able to work out his ideas along lines different from those already protected by patents.—Popular Mechanics.

Appealed to His Vanity.

Waiters No. 1 and 2 peeped out at the bald-headed man, then ducked behind the screen.

"None of him for me," said Waiter No. 1. "He don't tip."

"Same here said Waiter No. 2.

"I'll fix him," said Waiter No. 3.

He took an order for soup. Before serving it he showed the two mutineers a hair floating on the surface of the soup. They marvelled then, and they marvelled still more when at the end of the bald-headed man's dinner the waiter returned with a dollar bill.

"Ninety-nine bald-headed men in a hundred can be worked that way," he said. "If the customer doesn't see the hair himself I call his attention to it and make him think it fell out of his own head. The fact that he had a hair to lose so appeals to his vanity that he loves me for finding it and gives me a tip big enough to cover the cost of a dozen plates of soup."—New York Times.

The Art of Overlooking.

Nobody can live in the world and not admit that the words "Nothing for nothing" contain a sad amount of truth. He is of course a fool who does not count the cost so far as the future is concerned; but scarcely less a fool is he who does not overlook past costs. If we have any good or delightful thing in this life, at all hazards let us not taint our enjoyment by considering what we gave for it. Was it more than we could afford? Never mind; we have afforded it, we have made our purchase. Let us take off the ticket with the price and burn the receipt. There are items in life's ledger which must be overlooked unless we would spend all our days in balancing closed accounts.

"I'd hate to be a millionaire." "Gosh! Why?" "Well, millionaires are always getting letters threatening them with all sorts of horrible fates unless they immediately pay the writers large sums of money." "That's nothing. I get just such letters on the first of every month."—Cleveland Leader.

"What's that party kicking about?" said one New Yorker. "Oh, he's one of those guys who are lucky and don't know it," replied the other. "He came here on a round-trip ticket from Philadelphia and lost the return coupon."—Washington Evening Star.

"You say you have quit smoking?" "Yes never going to smoke again." "Then why don't you throw away those cigars?" "Never I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking, and it taught me a lesson."

"Are you doing anything for others?" asked the philanthropist.

"Sure," answered Mr. Crosslots, "I make a garden every year for the benefit of my neighbor's chickens."—Washington Star.

"What part of the railway train do you regard as the most dangerous?" inquired the nervous man.

"The dining car," answered the dyspeptic.—Washington Star.

Lawyer—Am I to understand that your wife left your bed and board? Uncle Ephraim—Not 'xactly, boss. She dun tuk mah bed an' bo'd along wif her.—Puck.

"My husband is like a rooster in one respect."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. When he gets up early he crows over it."—Judge.

Ganjah Smoking A Curse.

In California and down through Central America and the West Indies the practice of smoking ganjah, or Indian hemp, has been introduced within recent years. A rubber planter from British Honduras, who is familiar with the Pacific coast and all tropical America, described the practice and some of its effects the other day, the New York Sun says.

"Ganjah smoking," he said, follows the Hindoo. The plant is indigenous to the tropics and was used to a limited extent by the Aztecs of Mexico. In India it has been a curse for centuries.

"When the East Indian laborer was introduced into the West Indies about thirty years ago he brought it with him and revived and encouraged the use of the weed among the natives. More recently he did the same evil turn for California, so that at the present time ganjah smoking is prevalent from the Canadian border to Panama.

"The plant needs no cultivation. It grows luxuriantly, usually in patches, wherever the climate is warm and the ground is moist. The leaves are charged with a powerful narcotic, and the method of use merely consists of gathering them when they are half dry, crumbling them into a pipe and inhaling the heavy white smoke.

"Ten or twelve inhalations produces a pleasant stupor. This gives way to a buoyancy of limb and wide desire for action. The smoker becomes very quarrelsome and is obsessed with the idea of blood. This is backed up by a conviction of his own courage, no matter how timid he may be in his normal state. As the drug gains further hold upon him he snatches up the first weapon at hand and rushes forth to kill.

"Wherever ganjah is smoked murder is a comparatively common crime. Most Hindoos are physical cowards, but on the other hand they do not regard death with horror. Some of them believe in the transmigration of souls, while the more ignorant think that their disembodied spirits are permitted to return to India to dwell among their friends and relatives who are still in the flesh. Therefore when they have a grouch against anyone they use ganjah to key themselves up to the point of killing him and do not worry about the consequence.

"Taken in smaller quantities, say five or six inhalations, and on an empty stomach, the drug has the effect of imparting an unnatural energy. Tasks requiring great strength and power of endurance becomes easy, and for several hours the smoker feels no fatigue.

"The persistent use of ganjah weakens the brain and impairs physical strength. The victim becomes a wreck."

She Didn't Care.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at a luncheon in New York, said with good-humored mockery of the suffragettes:

"If they keep on, their outlook really will become as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's.

"Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a decollete gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de la Paix—Mr. Dash, regarding the pretty little lady indulgently, said, with a sigh:

"'You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money.'

"She flung her arms about his neck.

"'You dear old boy,' she cried 'what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you?'"—Washington Star.

Not Guilty.

It was 4 a. m., and Bilkins crept softly into the house and removed his shoes, but as he tiptoed up the stairs one of the treads gave a loud creak.

"Is that you, John?" demanded Mrs. Bilkins from above.

"No, my love," replied Bilkins; "it's the stairs."—Illustrated Bits.

Investigation.

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Possibly," answered Miss Cayenne. "But that isn't the fault of the ladies who get together with their knitting in our hotel."—Washington Star.

Unfair.

Farmer (at the grindstone)—Well, why don't yer turn? City Nephew—Nix! Ye don't fool me agin. When ever I turn ye go and bear down with the ax.—Life.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

Almost two-thirds of the world's petroleum is produced by the United States.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

British brewers used about 63,000,000 pounds of hops in 1909.

Not one in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

The London police arrest over 106,000 people a year.

Have so equal as prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

Siam's imports of electrical supplies have trebled in five years.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person" so they all say, and their husbands say so, too!

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Eagle's Fascination.

However much the eagle may be in awe of man, there seems to have been no age in which man has not accepted the "playmate of the storm" as the symbol of kingship or power. Its sovereignty among the birds—

Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deeps of air—

is more indisputable than that of the lion among beasts; and nation after nation—Assyria, Persia, Rome, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Poland and the United States—has used it either as the royal crest or as its military standard. No great man but has been an eagle to his eulogists, and, gleaning from the poets at random, we find Napoleon, Pindar, Otto, Madoc, Duguesclin, Lochiel, Wolsey, Prince Hubert, the Duke of York, Bacon, Hermilius, Coriolanus and many another equipped with eagle qualities. The proud lift of the hair from the brow of the capitoline Jove is said to have been studied from the forehead of a lion.

Certainly more than one sculptor of the head of a Roman emperor, and more than one painter of imaginary portraits of Napoleon, have borrowed from the eagle the straight line of the eyebrow, just cutting the full, round, uplifted eye, which gives the bird even in captivity its wild majesty of appearance. Every emotion, every attribute of tragic circumstance of life raised to its highest power is compared in verse or by the essayists to the royal bird; so fame, ambition, science, reason, danger, pride, hatred are "eagle-eyed" or "eagle-talonED." No mountain is so high as those which are "eagle-baffling." Even the skies are "eagle skies." Greatness itself becomes "eagle greatness," success is "eagle-gripped," and the true victory has eagle's wings. What dignity, then, is lacking to the bird which "builds among the stars," which soars "swimming in the eye of noon" and fronts the sun itself on equal terms?—London Times.

The "Long" Sitzes.

The Sitze family was long in person, long-drawn-out in speech and eternally long about doing things. Over miles of pine hills they were known as the "long" Sitzes. Miss Lydia, the eldest, went to a crossroads store to buy Christmas presents. In the course of a half hour she became interested in some blue and scarlet petticoats.

"I'll take one of those petticoats," she said, slowly counting out the price.

The busy proprietor wrapped up the parcel and handed it over with a polite "Something else?"

"I'll take another petticoat."

He did up a second bundle, took her carefully counted money, and was turning to the next impatient customer.

"I'll take another petticoat," came the slow drawl.

This went on to the seventh time. The man, being up to his ears in work, ventured a question:

"Buying for the neighborhood, Miss Lydia?"

"I'm buying two apiece for my sisters."

"How many sisters have you?"

"Nine."

Couldn't Ruin Their Eyes.

Sir Henry Holland, the noted English physician, had his studies interrupted by a youth who wanted advice. The young man, with considerable swagger, said he proposed locating in some town as an oculist. A city in which a large number of students were located was preferred. "There," he continued, "I would have unlimited opportunities of treating the eyes of overstudious scholars."

Dr. Holland was reluctant to have a community's eyes endangered because of his indorsement of a doubtful practitioner. He thought a few moments and then advised the ambitious oculist to locate in a small town near Liverpool, stating that a large school was located there.

The young man thanked the doctor. In a few days he reached the suggested field for his experiments. The large bulldogs in the distance indicated a magnificent school and splendid opportunities.

He investigated and collapsed. The school was one for the hopelessly blind.

Turned Round.

It was the first time Bobby had ever been away from home without his mother, and he had gone with some reluctance to visit his city cousins. At the end of three days, instead of the expected week, he returned to his family, accompanied by a letter which stated that the little fellow was so homesick they were really afraid to keep him longer.

"What made you homesick, Bobby?" asked his mother at the confidential bedtime hour.

"I wasn't, 'zactly," said Bobby, "but the sun sets in the wrong place there mother, over in the east, by our barn and it scared me so I thought I'd better come home and see if everything was right here—and 'tis!"

Economizing.

"I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize.

"'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize, both!'

"'Very well, Henry,' she said, with a tired air of submission, 'you shave yourself and I'll cut your hair.'"—Everybody's Magazine.

The New Dramatic Craze.

"Good heavens, landlord, is there a case of hydrophobia on the upper floor?"

"You mean the barking?"

"Of course."

"Well, don't let that worry you. That's the eminent character-actor, Rodney Spotlight, going over his role. He plays the dog hero in the new bench show drama."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Don't You Believe It.

The professor glanced at the seismograph. It was shaking like the victim of a Missouri ague.

"A frightful earthquake!" he gasped. "I wonder where?"

A little later he learned that the mad rush of countless thousands of citizens on their way "back to the soil" had caused the earth to tremble.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1910.

NOTES.

(Continued.)

ZION CHURCH, NEWPORT, R. I.—The following are amendments to the Act Incorporating Zion Church Society as found in the Acts and Resolves of Rhode Island. A third was passed at the May session, 1848, incorporating "Certain Persons by the Name of St. George's Church Society in Newport.

From Acts and Resolves of the General Assembly, May, 1846.

"An Act in amendment of an act entitled "An act to incorporate certain persons by the name of Zion Church Society in Newport".

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. From and after the passage of this act, said corporation may at their annual meeting on Easter Monday, and at any other legal meeting if vacancies should happen, elect an assistant junior warden, who shall ex-officio be a vestryman.

(From Acts and Resolves of the General Assembly, of Rhode Island, Jan., 1858.)

An Act In Amendment Of An Act Entitled "An Act To Incorporate Certain Persons, By The Name Of Zion Church Society, In Newport."

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. The owners of each pew in the church edifice of the said society, and when any pew is let for a term of one year, or longer, the lessee of such pew, if he has occupied the same for the term of three months, who shall profess to attend public worship with the said society, shall be entitled to vote, in all legal meetings of the said society, in person or by proxy; and if any pew shall be let, and be occupied, as aforesaid, to more than one person, the lessees of such pew may, by proxy, delegate the right to vote, upon the said pew, in the same manner, and with the same effect, as a lessee of an entire pew, may delegate his power to vote by proxy.

Sec. 2. Eleven members of the said corporation shall be a quorum for the transaction of business, in all legal meetings thereof.

The property on Washington Square was transferred to the Society by several deeds, from the various owners, of which the following is an important one.

"To all People to whom these Presents shall come, I, William S. Rogers of Boston in the State of Massachusetts, an officer in the Navy of the United States, Send Greeting, Know Ye, That I the said William S. Rogers, for and in consideration of the sum of One thousand dollars to me in hand before the ensealing hereof well and truly paid by Stephen T. Northam, Samuel Whitehorne, George Knowles, Jacob Smith and Charles Mumford all of the town and county of Newport and State of Rhode Island, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge and am therewith fully satisfied contented and paid, and thereof and of every part and parcel thereof do exonerate acquit and discharge them the said Northam, Whitehorne, Knowles, Smith and Mumford their heirs executors and administrators forever by these presents. Have given, granted bargained sold aliened enfeofled conveyed and confirmed, and by these presents do freely fully and absolutely give grant bargain sell alieue enfeoff convey and confirm unto them the said Northam, Whitehorne, Knowles, Smith and Mumford their heirs and assigns forever, a certain Lot of land situate in said Newport, being forty-four feet in breadth on Washington Square and extending back the same breadth one hundred feet, bounded Northerly on said Square, Easterly on land now or late the property of John B. Lyon, called the Dauber estate Southerly on land late the property of Gideon Richmond and Westerly partly on land of Asher Robbins, and partly on land of the heirs of Thomas Dunn, it being the same estate which was heretofore conveyed by Robert Rogers, Esquire to William M. Alston, and by the said Alston to me, be the same more or less, or however otherwise bounded or described; To Have and To Hold the said granted and bargained premises with all the appurtenances, privileges and commodities, to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining to them the said Northam, Whitehorne, Knowles, Smith and Mumford their heirs and assigns forever, to their only proper use, benefit and behoof forever, And I the said William S. Rogers, for myself my heirs executors and administrators do covenant promise and grant, to and with the said Northam, Whitehorne, Knowles, Smith and Mumford their heirs and assigns, that at and before the ensealing hereof I am the true, sole and lawful owner of the above bargained premises, and am lawfully seized and possessed of the same in my own proper right as a good perfect and absolute estate of inheritance in fee simple, and have in myself good right full power and lawful authority to grant, bargain, sell, convey and confirm the said bargained premises in manner as aforesaid, and that the said Northam, Whitehorne, Knowles, Smith and Mumford their heirs and assigns, shall and may from time to time, and at all times forever hereafter by force and virtue of these Presents, lawfully peaceably and quietly have hold use occupy possess and enjoy the said demised and bargained premises with the appurtenances free and clear, and freely and clearly acquitted exonerated and discharged of and from all, and all manner of former or other gifts grants bargains sales mortgages wills entails jointures dowries judgments executions and incumbrances, of what name or nature soever, that might in any measure or degree obstruct or make void this present deed. Furthermore I the said William S. Rogers for myself my heirs, executors and administrators do covenant and engage the above demised premises to them the said Northam, Whitehorne, Knowles, Smith and Mumford their heirs and assigns, against the lawful claims or demands of any person or persons whatsoever forever to warrant secure and defend by these Presents. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal this 17th. day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty three.

WM. S. ROGERS.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of Paschal P. Pope and Joseph Tilden.

Newport June 25, 1833.

Received of the grantees in this deed one thousand dollars in full of the consideration therein expressed.

WM. S. ROGERS,
by Richard K. Randolph.

Recorded June 25, 1833, by Benj. B. Howland, Town Clerk. From Land Evidence, Newport, R. I. Vol. 19, p. 371.—E. M. T.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6673. DAVENPORT—Would like ancestry of Dudley Davenport, who was born, probably in Little Compton, R. I., in 1781. He had three brothers, Isaiah, Samuel and Thomas, and two sisters. Was he related and how to Paul Dudley Davenport, whom I find on the Vital Records of Little Compton?—A. D. B.

6674. RHODE ISLAND CONTINENTAL OFFICERS—Would like information concerning descendants of the following Rhode Island Continental Officers who survived the War but never became members of the Cincinnati.

Ensign Robert Hunter, First Rhode Island.

Ensign Joseph Cornell, First Rhode Island.

Surgeon Samuel Tenny, First Rhode Island.

Lieutenant Enoch Stanton, First Rhode Island.

Lieutenant David Pierce, First Rhode Island.

Captain Dexter Jerauld, First Rhode Island.

Surgeon's Mate Nicholas Bogart, First Rhode Island.

Ensign Thomas Waterman, Jr. First Rhode Island.

Lieutenant John Remington, Second Rhode Island.

Captain James Webb, Additional Continental Regiment.

Captain Amos Stanton, Additional Continental Regiment.

Lieutenant Ebenezer Stanton, Jr., Additional Continental Regiment.

Ensign Gershom Wilcox, Additional Continental Regiment.

Colonel Robert Elliot, Artillery Regiment.

Captain Gideon Wescott, Artillery Regiment.

Captain Lieutenant William Page, Artillery Regiment.

Lieutenant Oliver Corey, Artillery Regiment.

Lieutenant Thomas Crosswell, Artillery Regiment.

Lieutenant Gardner Luther, Artillery Regiment.

Lieutenant David Brown, Artillery Regiment.

Lieutenant Richmond Springer, Artillery Regiment.

Captain Lieutenant Squire How, Artillery Regiment.

Colonel John Topham, First Regiment Infantry.

Major Christopher Manchester, First Regiment Infantry.

Lieutenant Colonel James Williams, First Regiment Infantry.

Captain Benjamin West, First Regiment Infantry.

Captain Christopher Dyer, First Regiment Infantry.

Captain Joseph Springer, First Regiment Infantry.

Captain Philip Traflan, First Regiment Infantry.

Captain John Carr, First Regiment Infantry.

Captain Alexander Thomas, First Regiment Infantry.

Captain James Williams, First Regiment Infantry.

Lieutenant John Wilcox.

Lieutenant Andrew Stanton.

Lieutenant John Miller.

Lieutenant Samuel Northrop.

Lieutenant Nathaniel Humphrey.

Lieutenant David Wall.

Lieutenant and Adjutant James Miller.

Surgeon Stephen Wigueron.

—G. W. D.

6675. MOTT—Would like record of descendants of the Samuel Mott, mentioned in the following item of Superior Court records.

From Newport Historical Magazine, Vol. 4, p. 136.

"Mary Mott, of Newport, widow, and administratrix on the estate of Samuel Mott, late of Newport, butcher, brings suit in the March term of the Superior Court, 1729, against Giles Slocum, of Portsmouth, surviving executor of the will of Jacob Mott, late of Portsmouth, R. I., to recover 40 pounds, a legacy due by the will of said Jacob to Samuel; for said Jacob by his will dated Jan. 31, 1710-11, did devise as follows: "Item—As I have given by deed to my son, Jacob Mott, one half of my farm, I give my beloved wife, Joanna Mott, the other half during her life, and after her to said son, Jacob Mott, he paying the several legacies to my children hereinafter named. If Jacob should die, then the wife's share to go to my son Samuel.

I give to my son Samuel, 40 pounds, daughter Hannah Tucker, 20 pounds, daughter Elizabeth Gould, 10 pounds, daughter Sarah Wardell, 5 pounds; all of which to be paid within one year of my wife's decease." Appoints wife Joanna, and kinsman Giles Slocum Jr. and John Coggeshall, of Portsmouth, executors." The plaintiff in the above case, saith that Joanna Mott died Jan. 8, 1727, and that the said Samuel Mott died Jan. 25, 1727, when the above legacy became due from the aforesaid Jacob Mott, son of said Jacob, testator, deceased, he coming into possession of said land at the death of said Joanna."

—E. W. H.

6676. BAILEY, BURDICK—Thomas Bailey of Providence, R. I., married Fanny Burdick, of James, at Portsmouth, R. I., September, 1795. Would like parentage of Thomas Bailey. When and where did he die? Would also like parentage of James Burdick, and wife's name. A James Burdick died in Newport, May, 1803, aged 71. His widow, Catharine, died there June, 1823, aged 86. Is this James the father of Fanny (Burdick) Bailey? Had they other children? James and Catharine are buried in the Common Ground at Newport, but I find no will or administration.—E. M. T.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Mathilde T. Townsend, only daughter of Mrs. Richard Townsend, of Washington, and Mr. Peter Goelet Gerry, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry.

GLASS TABLEWARE

In Distinctive Patterns.

The extensive line of glass tableware that we always carry in stock is only vaguely suggested by the illustration of the goblet above. It is quite impossible to convey a correct idea of the artistic beauty and many unique shapes represented—they must be seen to receive their full measure of well-deserved approval. A thousand and one ideas are shown exclusively here, and hence the advantage of selecting from

An Extremely Extensive Line

Will be readily apparent to those seeking the wholly original in table ware of this nature.

The design shown on the goblet is etched—not cut. Cut glass is also strongly featured here but in a department of the store wholly distinct from that containing the ware we are describing.

Even if one is only curious the showing of our glass table ware will prove of intense interest.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

25-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies travelling alone this is a great advantage.

These trains are splendidly equipped—vestibuled buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS
Daily, Sundays included.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS
Daily except Sundays.
Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. S. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

Telephone Service

Is the merchants' best salesman. It reaches thousands of homes from which to derive trade. If your line is busy, add another. It pays to have ample telephone equipment.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 142 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

Our Safety Valves.

The invention of the safety valve for steam engines has saved thousands of lives and millions of dollars in property. It is an invention that stands prominently to the front in this age of mechanical progress. But nature supplied us each with a safety valve which for effectiveness works better than any made by man. If we did not have this safety valve we could not live twenty-four hours. This safety valve is the perspirative, or sweat, gland, and to make sure that we should not run short of the supply she has furnished the body with some two and a half millions of them. If our temperature rose 7 or 8 degrees we should die within a few hours, and yet we could not run, row, indulge in any athletic exercises or even walk safely any distance without increasing our temperature to the danger point if we had no safety valve provided so ingeniously by nature.

Paddy's Cat.

An Irishman fresh from the "ould sod" secured a job with a lumbering crew in the Minnesota woods. While sound asleep in his bunk one night a lynx slipped in at the open window, espied Paddy's brindle whiskers and promptly pounced on its supposed enemy. A terrible contest ensued, during which Paddy's clothing was reduced to ribbons, but ending happily when the brawny son of Erin secured a half nelson on the beast and heaved it bodily through the window.

He was instantly surrounded by a score of excited and admiring woodsmen. After examining himself critically Paddy straightened up slowly and remarked with distinct emphasis:

"Bedad, if I knew th' dom mon thot owned thot cat I'd be afther rammin' me fiskt down th' throat av 'im—I wud thot!"—Judge's Library.

Sounded Queer.

"All right behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on!" cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

Notice to Owners and Keepers of Dogs:

The last day for issuing licenses for dogs male at One Dollar and Fifteen Cents, and females at Five Dollars and Fifteen Cents, is

Saturday, April 30, 1910.

During the month of May one dollar additional will be charged and beginning with June 1, 1910, every owner or keeper of a dog without a license will be liable to a fine of ten dollars for every dog not licensed. Office open evenings.

JAMES R. CROWLEY,
Chief of Police.

4-23

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, &C.

PROVIDENCE, SC. SUPERIOR COURT.
William B. Greenough, Atty. Gen'l.
vs.
Savings Bank of Newport.
Equity No. 2082.

ORDER.

In the above entitled case, which is a petition by William B. Greenough, Attorney General, praying that certain unclaimed deposits in the Savings Bank of Newport, in the City of Newport, to wit:

Anthony Elizabeth L.	Newport	$142 13
Anthony Henry	Portsmouth	34 77
Brenan David for Heirs of Polly Austin	Newport	324 09
Buckly Patrick	Newport	153 20
Brown John B.	Newport	25 20
Bennet Tamar	Newport	622 09
Barker Josephine A.	Middletown	67 01
Dunn Mary S.	Newport	53 10
Devine Mary	Newport	927 63
Dary Mary	Newport	662 43
Donnelly Mary	Newport	153 36
Fitzpatrick Patrick	Newport	13 27
Getz John	Newport	2212 43
Guyser John H.	Newport	765 69
Grinnell Cora G.	Little Compton	55 63
Hazard Benjamin	Jamestown	509 91
Hazard James, Jr.	Newport	367 54
Jackson Josephine	Newport	42 60
Jones Mary E.	Newport	17 16
Jackson David H.	Newport	17 79
Newton Morris	Newport	818 61
Read John	Newport	70 95
Read Adeline Amanda	Newport	214 04
Ramwell William	Newport	3011 43
Sylvia John Jose	Newport	40 79
Sloddard Sarah E.	Newport	3303 24
Schmidt Johan August	Newport	80 30
Sprague Walter R.	Unknown	40 17
Tefft Catherine A.	So. Kingston	31 27
Ryan Michael	Newport	
Upham Hannah E. Coggeshall	Portsmouth	66 53
Upham Janette L.	Newport	67 95
Weaver George	Newport	533 62

be turned over to the General Treasurer according to law, it is ordered that said petition be set down for hearing on May 9th, A. D. 1910, at 9.30 a. m., at the Providence County Court House, Providence, in said State, and that citation be issued to the Savings Bank of Newport and that notice be given to the above named depositors by publishing a copy of this order once a week, for two successive weeks in the *Newport Mercury*, published in Newport, R. I.

Entered as the order of Court this 19th day of April, A. D. 1910. By order.

WALTER S. REYNOLDS,
Clerk.

W. R. TANNER, P. J.
A true copy. Attest—
WALTER S. REYNOLDS,
Clerk.

4-23-3w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, &c.

PROVIDENCE, SC. SUPERIOR COURT.
William B. Greenough, Atty General
vs.
Island Savings Bank.
Equity No. 2081.

ORDER.

In the above entitled case, which is a petition by William B. Greenough, Attorney General, praying that certain unclaimed deposits in the Island Savings Bank in the City of Newport, to wit:

Almy Abby B.	Block Island	$141 64
Boje John	Newport	27 29
Cook Benjamin P.	Newport	14 81
Kenyon William F.	Newport	279 96
Patterson James C.	Newport	234 67

be turned over to the General Treasurer according to law, it is ordered that said petition be set down for hearing on May 9th, A. D. 1910, at 9.30 a. m., at the Providence County Court House, Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, and that citation be issued to the Island Savings Bank and that notice be given to the above named depositors by publishing a copy of this order, once a week for two successive weeks in the *Newport Mercury*, published in Newport, R. I.

Entered as the order of Court this 19th day of April, A. D. 1910.

By order
WALTER S. REYNOLDS,
Clerk.

W. R. TANNER, P. J.
A true copy. Attest—
WALTER S. REYNOLDS,
Clerk.

4-23-3w

Mrs. Herbert A. Kaull is visiting friends in Washington.

The fishermen are getting in their gears preparing for the scup fishing.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, December 31st, A. D. 1909.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 488 issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 8th day of December A. D. 1909, and returnable to the said Court March 30th A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 8th day of November A. D. 1909, in favor of John B. Brierly of said City of Newport plaintiff, and against George W. Pollitt of the City of Newport and State of Rhode Island in his capacity as administrator upon the estate of Elizabeth Beakhurst deceased, late of said City of Newport defendant, I have this day at 21 minutes past 10 o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant George W. Pollitt as administrator upon the said estate of Elizabeth Beakhurst, deceased, had on the 14th day of August A. D. 1909, at 22 minutes past 8 o'clock P. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ) in and to certain lots or parcels of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Southerly on Lee Avenue 85 feet, Westerly 75 feet on land now or late of Weeden T. Underwood. Northerly 35 feet on land now or late of William D. DeBlois, Easterly 70 feet on land now or late of Michael J. Healy and being the same premises conveyed by William G. Ward to George Beakhurst and Elizabeth C. Beakhurst as joint tenants by deed bearing date December 1st 1888 and recorded in Land Evidence Newport, Vol. 26, page 117.

2d Parcel. Northerly on lands now or formerly of William Jeffery, Easterly by Coggeshall Avenue, Southerly by land now or formerly of Martha E. Richmond and Mary Richmond, Westerly by other lands now or formerly of the said Martha E. Richmond and Mary Richmond. He the said measurements more or less however otherwise the same may be bounded or described

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

4-8-12-1w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to THURSDAY, April 21st, A. D. 1910, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff

Newport, R. I., April 7th, A. D. 1910.

4-16-1w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to THURSDAY, April 28th, A. D. 1910, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., April 21st, A. D. 1910.

4-23-1-w

"MEET ME AT BARNEY'S."

For a short time only we are giving away Amberol long playing records with every attachment for playing the four minute records purchased of us.

Don't miss this opportunity for having the four minute attachment put on your machine and at the same time procure $1.00 worth of records absolutely FREE.

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE,

140 THAMES STREET.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 19th, 1910.

Estate of John J. Harrington.

REQUEST in writing is made by Mary V. Harrington, of said Newport, widow of John J. Harrington, late of said Newport, deceased intestate, that she, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administratrix of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the ninth day of May next, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

4-23-3w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., March 21, A. D. 1910.

HARRIET B. CHASE, the Guardian of the person and estate of *SARAH C. COGGESHALL*, Widow, a person of full age, presents to this Court her third account with said estate, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of April next, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

3-26-4w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., April 9th, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administratrix of the estate of SILAS N. LITTLEFIELD, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned or file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.

BATHSHEBA B. LITTLEFIELD,
Administratrix.

4-9-3w

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., April 9th, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Guardian of the person and estate of NINA L. and DOROTHY B. LITTLEFIELD, minors, of said New Shoreham, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to present them, and all persons indebted to said ward to make payment to the undersigned, within six months from this date.

BATHSHEBA B. LITTLEFIELD,
Guardian.

4-9-3w

Private Wires. Tel. 1820

B. O. GROSS,

COMMISSION STOCK BROKER

Mercury Building,

Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of EDWARD ALTEMUS, member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, of Philadelphia.

Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.

9-25-1f

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Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath.
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
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Elastic and Pliable
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Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

5-21-1f

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Webster's NEW INTERNATIONAL Dictionary, (G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.) surpasses the old International as much as that book exceeded its predecessor. On the old foundation a new superstructure has been built. The reconstruction has been carried on through many years by a large force of trained workers, under the supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, and reinforced by many eminent specialists. The definitions have been rearranged and simplified. The number of terms defined has been more than doubled. The etymology, synonyms, pronunciation, have received unsparing scholarly labor. The language of English literature for over seven centuries, the terminology of the arts and sciences, and the every-day speech of street, shop, and household, are presented with fullness and clearness. In size of vocabulary, in richness of general information, and in convenience of consultation, the book sets a new mark in lexicography.

400,000 words and phrases.
6000 illustrations.
2700 pages.

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You will do us a favor to mention this publication.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-22-1f

USE

Diamond Hill

BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co

Newport, R. I.

5-2-1f

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 4th, 1910.

Estate of Mary T. Austin.

AMORY AUSTIN, Guardian of the person and estate of Mary T. Austin, of full age, of said Newport, presents his 15th annual account with the estate of his said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the twenty-fifth day of April, inst., at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

4-9-3w

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

10-17